

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1788

AUGUST 11, 1906

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THE LITERARY WEEK

IN our "Books Received" columns last week we commented very briefly on a volume of "essays" by East London school-boys, each describing how he had spent a certain Saturday; and we singled out for special mention one which was remarkable for the grandiloquence of its language. The youngster "arose" at half-past seven, "aroused" his mother, "proceeded" to Spitalfields Market, whither he was "accompanied" by others of his family, "proceeded" to the newspaper offices for papers to sell, and at the dinner hour went home "to have a little refreshment." It need scarcely be stated that at the close of the day he "retired" to bed. He is not alone in his dignity. Few of these boys condescend to "get up," to "wake" their families, to "go" anywhere. The cause in this case is probably the teaching they receive; but it is the newspapers, we suspect, which are largely responsible for the love of long words which all must have noticed among the poor.

Farm labourers used to speak of their "mates." We heard lately of one who called attention to his "colleague" at the other end of the field. We inquired once of an old plumber, who was doing odd jobs about the house, how he spent his evenings. His reply was: "Well, sir, I occasionally enter into conversation with my son;" and a servant of our acquaintance, when asked if she had seen some soldiers pass the end of the street, replied, in a tone of correction: "Madam, I observed them very distinctly." But the same servant invariably talks of a "Proosian" cat, and has been known to make woeful "howlers." Ignorance goes hand in hand with "culture" in amusing simplicity. A very entertaining article in the current *Contemporary* on "Culture among the Poor," by Miss M. Loane, one of the Queen's Nurses, gives an instance of a woman who believed that by becoming a "defaulter" her son had been advanced in rank; and the servant of a friend of ours, on being asked whether a certain patient was "convalescent," replied: "Oh! no, sir; not nearly so bad as that." Was there, perhaps, a touch of natural delicacy in the expression used by a maid, who, shortly after a guest had left the house, came to inform her master that Mr. X. had left his "candelabras" on the bed?

We should like to be informed by some experienced person whether the use of long words is kept for conversation with "the quality" (if that term still lives), or whether it is common in the home circle as well. Every one who keeps servants knows that there is one voice for the kitchen, another for the mistress; and it may be so with the words used. In that case, Miss Loane's comment on the complete insensibility to style among the poor, even among those of them who read good literature, needs a little softening. We can well believe that one of her most intelligent patients could hardly be convinced that "Adam Bede," "Jane Eyre," and "East Lynne" were not all the work of one author; but, if our suggestion be valid,

it knocks the bottom out of a delightful story of a bluejacket, which we cannot forbear quoting. Asked to account for a furious fight which had taken place on the lower deck, he told his captain: "Well, sir, all I says to 'im was, 'Thomas, will you kindly get out o' my hammick?' " The contrast between what he must actually have said and the "company language" which he adopted for his captain's ear shows a very distinct sense of style.

Until he knows all the facts, the wise man holds his tongue. The public does not know all the facts relating to the sudden retirement by the Trustees of the British Museum of Dr. Ray Lankester from his post of Director of the Natural History Department. It cannot, therefore, judge the action of the Trustees. But this will be plain to everybody: that the Trustees would have to make out a very strong case indeed against so distinguished a man, so able a scientist, so active and practical a Director as Dr. Ray Lankester, before their treatment of him—retirement at the very earliest possible date and at the most inconvenient and galling moment—could be accepted as just or wise. When the Government tempted him from the life post of Linacre Professor at Oxford and a salary of £900 a year, it was known to some few that there was dissension among the Trustees; not all approved of the appointment of Dr. Ray Lankester. That appointment, having once been made, it should have been loyally adhered to.

Whatever the cause of complaint against the ex-Director may be, it cannot be that his work has proved him unfit for the post. Men of science all the world over know what he has done. It is more probable that the authoritative body is unable to appreciate what others have learned to value. That the three Principal Trustees by whom the Director of the Natural History Department is appointed are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker, is a circumstance that may raise a smile, but is of little practical import. The selection is actually made by the Trustees, a body which includes too few men of science able to understand the scope and results of Dr. Ray Lankester's work, and is therefore more liable to be influenced by other considerations than that of "mere merit." That may be one reason for the present unhappy exhibition of official severity. It must be remembered, on the other hand, that Dr. Ray Lankester was not born a Civil Servant. He became one at fifty or fifty-one; an age at which a man, though not past great intellectual work, is too old to begin learning the paces of the adept Civil Servant. A man of Dr. Ray Lankester's pronounced character may well have found the uniform a little constraining.

Still, as we have said, the facts are not fully known, and judgment cannot be passed. But two things, at least, are certain. In the first place, it would be impossible, now, for Dr. Ray Lankester to return to the Natural History Museum with any chance of being comfortable or of doing good work. In the second place, unless the Government wishes to commit sheer waste of a great brain and a great capacity for work, Dr. Ray Lankester's pension must be so adjusted that, instead of the beggarly £300 a year offered to a man of sixty, it reaches a sum which will enable him to devote his still youthful energies to scientific work, unhampered by sordid anxieties. Neglect of this will amount to wilful destruction of a most valuable national property.

In the *ACADEMY* of May 5 last, we described the Oxford Exhibition of portraits of English historical personages who died between 1714 and 1837; and now we have been turning over with keen interest the handsome Illustrated Catalogue published by the Clarendon Press (7s. 6d. net). Here those who were unable to get to Oxford in the spring

may see, adequately reproduced, the likenesses of many of the great eighteenth-century men of letters. Here are no less than three portraits of Edward Gibbon; Romney's rather affected work forms the frontispiece, and Walton's and Reynolds's portraits occupy another page. Here is Simon du Bois's Addison on the same page with Richardson's wigless Nat Prior. Charles Jervas's (?) beautiful picture of Pope stands side by side with Thomas Gibson's penetrating vision of Sacheverell, and a few pages further we find Jervas's (?) Jonathan Swift in gown and bands.

Highmore's Edward Young, Baltoni's and Pine's portraits of Garrick, Reynolds's Thomas Warton and Joseph Warton, T. Phillips's Heber and Lawrence's Canning—these are only a few of the interesting portraits reproduced. And, for a change, the idler may turn to the diaphanous spirituality of the features of John Wesley, or the majesty of a very different but equally characteristic class of divine—that Archbishop Markham whose Life we reviewed not long ago; a man of whom Walpole wrote that "his business was rather in courting the great; he had a great deal of pomp, especially when he lifted his hand, lowered it, and repeated Latin verses."

It was a period full of great men, and, for ourselves, we know of few pleasures greater than the study of these faces of great men gone. What chins they had in the eighteenth century, what cheeks, what chests! Solid men; men, most of them, of reason not of passion. In this gallery of jowls John Wesley and Pope seem like ghosts, and the thinner type, like Canning, which came in towards the close of the period, seems almost finicking. Were they greater men than we are? They certainly looked it

The value of the book is immensely increased by the biographical notes, descriptions and *provenances*, by good Indexes, and by Mr. Lionel Cust's fine introduction. These volumes, as they appear, are not only delightful pastimes for a sultry afternoon but valuable works of reference to be kept on the shelves.

Two little books of extracts now before us offer an interesting contrast. "G. M. T.," whose initials will be recognised at once by all Meredithians, has made a "Meredith Pocket-book," and Miss Alice M. Warburton a "Browning Treasure Book." G. M. T., needless to say, has done his work well; the Browning book is compiled a little too much on the principle of "Mill on Liberty—Ditto on the Floss." And, besides, you cannot well separate from any of Browning's poems one or more stanzas without losing their effect. Browning is an argumentative poet. Everything he says must be taken in connection with what went before and what comes after, the whole forming an argument or exposition. Select, and you lose the thread.

And again, the first thing necessary to the short extract is that it shall be perfectly expressed. Browning was not a master of perfect expression. His effect is cumulative. The rough-hewn sentence or stanza is all very well in its place; detach it and you see its ruggedness. With Mr. Meredith, on the other hand, you have a master of expression, a writer from any one of whose pages you may pick a sentence or a passage, an essential part of the whole but also fit to be seen by itself, an unset, perfectly cut jewel. "If you insist on having women rooted to the bed of the river, they'll veer with the tides, like water-weeds, and no wonder," he writes in "One of our Conquerors"; and one may ponder over the simplicity and depth of the sentence, seeing ever new beauty and truth. "You know, dear Evan, when two people love, there is no such thing as owing between them." There is much more in that than appears at first sight.

After studying G. M. T.'s book, it is almost painful to turn to Miss Warburton's and watch Browning struggling to express his thoughts. But the difference lies deeper than in the matter of expression. Both writers are optimists; both brave men who love life and human beings and the beautiful world. But Mr. Meredith will give you a gayer heart than Browning when you take him from your pocket during the pause in a walk. He knows why he is an optimist, and points you on to the road by which the future good is to be attained: Browning throws you back on your faith, and so succeeds, for all his own high courage, in impressing you only the more deeply with the miseries of the present state.

Last week the ACADEMY discussed the dubious poetry on which our youths are brought up. It would seem that the criticism on which they are fed also needs inquiry. Here is a quotation from one of our scholastic Baedekers: "The ginger-pop school. John Hookham Frere, Byron and Barry Cornwall: so called by David Macbeth Moir. The production of these poets was characterised by their light humour, picturesque narrative and a mixture of the absurd and farcical with the pathetic and majestic. They bore the same relation to high imaginative verse as *ginger-pop* bears to champagne." Fancy Byron in such company—the only English poet with the exception of Shakespeare who is known through the length and breadth of Europe!

Here is a gem on Browning. "He is the author of :he delicious lines :

Never the time and the place,
And the loved one all together!

which, apart from its context seems rather to suggest the Maid's Tragedy or the wet Sunday out. George Eliot is described in the best goody-goody style, as "a painstaking and conscientious writer. The moral tendency of her novels is in the highest degree beneficial."

In "The Modern Age" the following are classed as stars in English literature: Wilkie Collins, Blackmore, Ballantyne, James Payn, Henty, Miss Braddon, Rhoda Broughton, Rider Haggard, Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, Joseph Hocking, Baring Gould, Rev. Edward Bradley, and Max Pemberton. Rhoda Broughton "has amused a great number of readers by writing quite a score of novels." We wonder whether the critics found her equally funny. In the chronological tables at the end, the list of masterpieces begins with Caedmon, and after 1870 it expands, till in 1900 the total number of *chef d'œuvres* for the year reaches fifteen. The author, in his preface, expresses the hope that those who see the book will "read for themselves the excellent work in which almost everything conjoined with English literature is to be found." So unhappy a conjunction makes one inclined to pass on to the interjections.

The hundredth anniversary this month of the birth of John Sterling may serve to recall the circumstance that it was to his father, Captain Edward Sterling—who after giving up farming in the Isle of Bute, became, in the second decade of last century, a contributor to the *Times*—that the term "thunderer" was first applied. In 1833 John Sterling published anonymously "Arthur Coningsby," a novel, in which was incorporated some stirring verse. In 1833 he founded a club which later bore his name, its membership including Allan Cunningham, Carlyle, Mill, Milner, Spedding, Tennyson and Thirlwell. Francis William Newman was the intimate of Sterling's later years, and to him he confided the guardianship of his son. It was the inadequate and, as he judged, misleading character of Julius Hare's memoir of Sterling, published in 1848, five years after his death, that induced Carlyle to undertake the masterpiece of biography which links his name with that of his friend.

The cottage at Kinnesswood, a Kinross-shire lane, lying at the base of one of the Lomonds, in which Michael Bruce passed his brief life (1746-67), has been restored by some admirers of the Scottish poet, and been opened as a Bruce museum. Besides Bruce's personal belongings—his books, manuscripts, and correspondence—there have been gathered together and placed in the little cottage some furniture of the period and a collection of the books treasured in Scottish homes in the eighteenth century. Though Michael Bruce has always had a number of valiant defenders of his claims to the authorship of the ode "To the Cuckoo," a consensus of opinion assigns the "magical stanzas," as the elder D'Israeli styled them, to John Logan, the college friend who published Bruce's poems in 1770. In Chambers's "Cyclopædia of Literature" and Mr. Quiller-Couch's Oxford anthology of verse "To the Cuckoo" is in each case printed over John Logan's name.

A writer in the *Scottish Review* bemoans the fact that Scotsmen of the present day do not speak of Boswell, the prince of biographers, and neither read him nor think of him. The paternal home of the Boswells in Auchinleck, where Samuel Johnson and Boszy's father, the Edinburgh Lord of Session, exchanged fierce verbal thrusts, has a forsaken air of loneliness, we learn, and is now occupied for only a few months in the year. In the summer of 1777 James Boswell wrote to Dr. Johnson from the little country house on the south side of Edinburgh, "from the window of which I see around me a verdant grove, and beyond it the lofty mountain called Arthur's Seat." Like many modern Scots, James Boswell preferred London as a place of residence to the "inclement city" of his birth; still, there is validity in the writer's plea that "surely we are yet to see a statue rise to 'Jamie Boswell'; the silent house at Auchinleck a place of pilgrimage; and the little house across the Meadows with its finger-post for guidance and its tablet on the wall."

In the *Fortnightly Review* a literary agent attempts a reply to the charges recently brought against his profession by Mr. Henry Holt, the American publisher: but his proper enthusiasm for his calling induces him to take a line a little too high to be practical. His paper should be headed "the ideal literary agent"; for the agent he describes is one who will not only bring the highest possible commercial advantage to both publisher and author, but will "encourage the maintenance of a close literary relationship between authors and publishers." If we think for a moment what that means, it will be clear that the "literary agent of the future" is too good a being for this world. A, a novelist, has written a successful novel; B, his publisher, asks him for another, of course through C, his agent. But C happens to know that since A published that novel another firm of publishers has become desperately anxious for novels of that kind, and is willing to pay A half as much again as B is prepared to offer. What is C's duty? To "maintain the close literary relationship" between A and B, or to get for A the biggest profit he can? Whichever he does, he will be in the black books of either author or publishers.

Still, this interesting paper suggests several ways in which the literary agent may be of real service, and points out an ideal not all of which is too high to follow. The first step necessary is one which the writer of the paper suggests—the abolition of the agent who takes a fee for the effort to place work which he knows is unworthy of his trouble. There are too many of such gentlemen, and their position is on a par with that of the theatrical "agent" who takes a preliminary fee for entering in his books the name of some unhappy, stage-struck girl whom he knows to have no qualification for the stage, even if he had the means (which he usually has not) of finding her an engagement. To say that this should never be done, should, in fact, be made illegal, is not to set up the literary agent as a judge of literature. For it is open to the author

to do without him, to send round his manuscripts himself; and, if young writers would grasp the fact that, unless the label of the agent bears a name that Editors and publishers have learned to respect, its appearance on a manuscript tells, not for, but very strongly against, its chances of serious consideration, we should hear less of the abuse than we do.

In the complaint of the "commercialisation of literature" we do not much believe. It is no worse to-day than it was a hundred years ago. Goldsmith writing his *Natural History* is a picture of wasted gifts that no modern "slave of the pen" could surpass. Authors have been very much the same in all ages. They wrote for money: those who had the strength of character to resist dissipation or greed wrote their best and made as much money as they wanted; those who sold themselves would, as likely as not, have fallen a victim to some other weakness in their nature if that particular temptation had been spared them. And the writer of to-day who deliberately writes below his best for the sake of extra royalties displays a weakness of character which would be vulnerable at some other point if that were protected. The "commercialisation of literature" has, as a matter of fact, nothing to do with literature. It may help to flood the world with trash; it has no effect on literature proper, which has always been supplied and demanded in small quantities, by a few for a few.

A new society, called the Malone Society, has just been formed for the printing of old plays in strict conformity with the most authentic texts, and also for the publishing of documents and information which may be of interest to students of the English drama. The following are among the members: Messrs. F. S. Boas, A. H. Bullen, Henry Bradley, Alois Brandl, E. K. Chambers, W. McN. Dixon, Edward Dowden, Oliver Elton, Ewald Flügel, T. Gregory Foster, C. M. Gayley, Israel Gollancz, H. F. Heath, W. P. Ker, Sidney Lee, J. M. Manly, A. W. Pollard, Walter Raleigh, George Saintsbury. At the first meeting, recently held under the chairmanship of Dr. Gregory Foster, Mr. W. W. Greg, Park Lodge, Wimbledon, was appointed Honorary Secretary and General Editor. The society hopes to issue eight or ten plays a year.

The Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall begin on this day week, August 18. The sixty programmes have all been drawn out, and may be obtained at the box-office. On Monday evenings the first half of each programme will be devoted exclusively to Wagner. On Wednesdays a symphony and other classical items will be included. On Fridays Beethoven's Nine Symphonies will be performed in chronological order, his compositions practically supplying the first part of the concert on each of these evenings. The programmes for Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays are of a more popular nature. Mr. Henry J. Wood will conduct the whole of each concert excepting the last orchestral item.

Attention is called by the Committee of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, to the Historical Exhibition of Liverpool Art which is to be held there in May 1907, and which, it is hoped, will be thoroughly representative of the large amount of artistic talent produced by the city within and without its Academy of Arts. Full particulars may be obtained of the Secretary, Mr. E. Rimbault Dibdin, who invites communications on all subjects connected with the art and artists of Liverpool.

Owing to the increasing pressure of his duties at the Law Society, where the system of legal education is developing steadily, Mr. Edward Jenks is resigning the editorship of the *Independent Review*, which he has held for the last three years. His successor is Mr. C. Roden Buxton, who has been associated with the *Review* from its foundation, and under whose guidance the traditions of the *Review* will be maintained.

LITERATURE

AESCHYLUS IN ENGLISH VERSE

Aeschylus's Seven against Thebes and Persians in English verse.
By ARTHUR S. WAY, M.A. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.)

MR. WAY has so clearly achieved his place in the first rank of translators in verse of the ancient classical poets that in quoting specimens of his work we are rather catering for the pleasure of our readers than affording evidence of a proposition already proved. His rendering of Euripides is by far the best as yet produced, and we hold that he has gone nearer to reproducing the spirit and manner of the Iliad and Odyssey than any other translator in verse.

The grim majesty of the diction of the *Persians* is thoroughly felt and most skilfully reproduced by Mr. Way. He catches the spirit of the fine choral ode (65-139) following the anapaestic introtit which describes the huge amorphous host of Xerxes that went to the war :

For the army of the King, for the city-wasting host
Long since hath passed the channel of the fronting neighbour-coast ;
For they linked the rafts together with the cables cunningly,
So that Hellas' strait was spanned,
Land was riveted to land,
And man had cast a yoke upon the wild neck of the sea !
(Str. 1.)

And myriad-peopled Asia's King, a battle-eager lord,
From utmost east to utmost west sped on his countless horde
In unnumbered squadrons marching, in fleets of keels untold,
Knowing none dared disobey,
For stern overseers were they
Of the godlike King begotten of the ancient Race of Gold.
(Ant. 1.)

And, flashing from his eyes the deadly dragon's steel blue glance,
On Assyrian battle-car,
With unnumbered men of war
He hurls the war-god of the bow on the heroes of the lance.
Heroes?—none is so heroic as to stem that warrior-flood !
Not their strongest dams shall bide
Such resistless ocean-tide :
Nay, Persia's valiant myriads shall in no wise be withstood.
(Mesode.)

Yet—God sendeth strong delusions, and what mortal may evade them?
And who with foot light-leaping may spring clear of the snare?
For Atë smiles alluring men, until she hath betrayed them
Amidst her net : none breaks its meshes, once entangled there.
(Str. 3.)

For the Gods' doom all-controlling decreed this long ago—
" Persia's sons shall win renown,
In dashing towers down,
In the clash of charging horsemen, and in cities' overthrow."
(Ant. 3.)

Yet they learn to look unquailing on the highways of the sea,
When the flails of tempest smite,
And its meadows blossom white,
Grasping slender reins of army-wafting galleys fearlessly.
(Str. 4.)

Hence mine heart is wrapped in gloom,
Racked with presages of doom,
Fear for Persia's chivalry,
Lest the city hear a cry—
" Susa doth dispeopled lie !"
(Ant. 4.)

Lest from Kissian streets be sent
Echoes of that wild lament,
Wail from multitudes far-borne,
As the thronging women mourn,
As the linen robes are torn.
(Str. 5.)

All our horse with these were lost,
Lost were all our footman-host !
All have followed hence their King, as forth the hive pour swarming
bees,
treaming o'er the human-fashioned forelands parting neighbour seas,
Forelands linking coast to coast.
(Ant. 5.)

Now is every marriage-bed
Drenched with tears as for the dead.
Persian wives are whelmed in sorrow : yearning each with breaking
hearts
For the battle-eager spearman whom she blithely saw depart
Sitteth lone, a wife unwed.

The description of the naval battle is very spirited (406-432):

Yea, and from us low thunder of Persian cheers
Answered—no time it was for dallying !
Then straightway galley dashed her beak of bronze
On galley. 'Twas a Hellene ship began
The onset, and shore all the figure-head
From a Phoenician :—captain charged on captain.
At first the Persian navy's torrent-flood
Withstood them : but when our vast fleet was cramped
In strait space—friend could lend no aid to friend—
Then ours by fangs of allies' beaks of bronze
Were struck, and shattered all their oar-array ;
While with shrewd strategy the Hellene ships
Swept round, and rammed us, and upturned were hulls
Of ships ;—no more could one discern the sea,
Clogged all with wrecks and limbs of slaughtered men :
The shores, the rock-reefs, were with corpses strewn.
Then rowed each bark in fleeing disarray,
Yea, every keel of our barbarian host.
They with oar-fragments and with shards of wrecks
Smote, hacked, as men smite tunnies, or a draught
Of fishes ; and a moaning, all confused
With shrieking, hovered wide o'er that sea-brine
Till night's dark presence blotted out the horror.
That swarm of woes, yea, though for ten days' space
I should rehearse, could I not tell in full.
Yet know this well, that never in one day
Died such a host, such tale untold, of men.

We wish we had space to quote the choral invocation of the ghost of Darius and the grand *kommos* of the chorus and Xerxes with which the play reaches a stately conclusion. There is only one metre in the handling of which Mr. Way is not quite successful. The English trochaic septenarius demands a pause after the fourth trochee. Verses like :

All the stately fabric that Darius reared by heaven's grace,

do not convey the effect of the trochaic metre.

In the *Persians* Mr. Way has no rival to contend with except himself and his own established reputation. This ordeal he has met with undoubted success. He is as successful with Aeschylus as with Euripides. In his rendering of the *Seven against Thebes* he has a formidable rival in the spirited and poetical prose version of Dr. Verrall. We have always admired Dr. Verrall's translation of verses 109 and 110 (for the Greek we must refer our readers to the text):

For round about the citadel is seething a human wave of sloping
crests, driven on by the breath of War.

Though shackled by the fetters of rhyme, Mr. Way is as literal and perhaps even more poetical in :

Round the city the war-tides sway ;
Helm-plumes are their flying spray
By the War-god blown to the fray.

But in 332 Dr. Verrall is more forcible as well as literal with :

And a woeful thing it is for the fresh maids to pass the hated
threshold of those that will wait no rites ere they pluck the flower,

than the verse translator with :

Alas, that maids, whose girlhood scarce hath fled,
On paths of miseries
Should, ere the spousal rites, from home be sped !

Our last extract shall be from the choral lament over Eteocles and Polynices (895-928). The reader who has Dr. Verrall's edition will find that the rendering in verse is nearly as literal as the almost equally poetical prose version :

Smitten and carven with iron in such ill plight are they ying :
And a prize, one carven with iron, for him as for him doth abide.
" What prize can there be for the dead ? " one asketh : answer him,
crying :
" Palaces iron-delved in their fatherland, side by side."

And the wail far-piercing shall speed them, a home for a home who
are leaving.

Sighing that rendeth the breast, grief from the soul that springs,
Grief from a torn heart joyless, and tears of unfeigned grieving :
For my heart is weeping itself away for the twain—my kings !

What praises shall Hadesward waft them, o'er these forlorn ones
pealing?

Say of him: "Like a hero he battled—ah me, with his mother-
land!"

And of him: "From his terrible onset the ranks of the aliens reeling
Heaps upon heaps war-blasted fell 'neath his ruining hand."

Woe for the woman who bare them, ill-starred beyond all other
Was she, yea, more than they all which have born the fruit of the
womb!

Her son for a husband she took to herself; she became their mother!
One seed—and such end have they found, who gave each to his
brother a tomb!

O yea, of one seed were the twain, of their heritage made they
partition:

In no lovingkindness, nay, but in madness of strife was it done;
And their feud's consummation, behold, is their own and their house's
perdition:

Ceased is their hate: in the earth their blood mingles, the twain
are at one.

Oh but in truth are they now of one blood, and a bitter decider

Of this their dispute was the oversea stranger that leapt out of fire,
Even the whetted steel: of possessions a bitter divider

Was the War-fiend who brought to fulfilment the curse of a father's
ire.

No more characteristically Aeschylean stanza than the last could be culled from the extant plays. The terrible equivocal in *δαίμονι*, meaning both "of one blood" and "whose blood is mingled" (in death by each other's hands), and the mystic impersonation of the sword that brought to fulfilment the father's curse, breathe the very quintessence of the Aeschylean style, and are faithfully and finely reproduced in Mr. Way's version.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE ENGLISH TONGUE

Growth and Structure of the English Language. By OTTO
JESPERSEN, Ph.D. (Nutt, M. 3.)

THIS is a good book. It would form an excellent introduction to the historical study of the English language. It may be recommended as a serviceable book for the beginner, and it is probable that the advanced student and the ripe scholar will find in it much to interest and to instruct, much to think about and scarcely anything to dispute or to controvert. For it is the work of a man who is a thorough master of his subject, who has learnt much and thought much on the many difficult problems of language which present themselves both on the phonetic side and on the psychological and philosophical side of the subject. The writer is not merely a swallower of other men's formulas. There is an independent play of thought in Professor Jespersen's exposition which is not so very common in the work of philologists. Dr. Jespersen is not only a scholar possessed of wide and accurate learning but a man of sound and sober judgment, so that he is a safe guide on many matters discussed in the book, which have been often lately the subjects of warm controversy in journals devoted to literature and even in the daily press.

And now for the scope and plan of the volume. The aim of the author is to characterise the chief peculiarities of the English language. He attempts to connect the teachings of linguistic history with the chief events in the general history of the English people, and to show the relation of language to national character. His plan is first to give a rapid sketch of the language of our own days, especially as it strikes a foreigner. Then he enters upon the history of the language, describes its connection with the other languages of the Indo-Germanic family, and traces the various foreign influences it has undergone. Last, he gives an account of its own internal development. The book is divided into ten chapters. First, we have the Preliminary Sketch connecting the marked features of the modern language, phonetic and syntactic, with the characteristic qualities of Englishmen. Then comes a chapter on the Beginnings: the changes brought about in the Germanic dialects by consonant-shift and

still more by shift of stress; the loan-words from Latin borrowed by our Germanic ancestors before they left their homes on the continent; the Frisian origin of the English people. The next chapter gives an interesting account of Scandinavian influences on the English language. The vikings introduced a great number of terms connected with law and the civil administration of the Danelagh. One of the very most important words in English is the word "law," a word due to the Danish invaders. The words "Riding" (of Yorkshire), and "Rape" (in Sussex) are still with us to remind us of the Danish talent for civil organisation. Then come chapters on French additions and on Latin and Greek elements introduced after the Renaissance. The next chapter contains an account of additions to the language from various sources, namely miscellaneous foreign words, new formations, and words used in new senses. The last three chapters deal with interesting points of grammar, with Shakespeare and the language of poetry, and with supplementary matters such as the influence of the Bible, profane language, prudery, etc.

A few points may now be mentioned upon which writers on the English language have often made statements or expressed opinions which will not stand the test of an exact scientific criticism, but upon which Professor Jespersen has always something to say worthy of consideration. He objects to the first consonant-shift being called Grimm's law, for one reason, because the Danish scholar, Rasmus Rask, was the first to set forth clearly the sound-correspondences—as early as 1814, eight years before Jacob Grimm made it generally known in his Grammar; for another, because Grimm's manner of stating it has been considerably modified by recent investigations. He has a good deal to say in disproof of Max Müller's famous dictum that a farm-labourer uses only three hundred words. He does not believe that the district now called Angel in South Jutland (Slesvig) was the home of the Anglians, but holds that the Kentish and Anglian dialects point rather to a Frisian emigration. He has a good deal that is interesting to say about the verbal substantive ending in *-ing*, and does not believe with some scholars that our present participle ending in *-ing* is a direct and phonetic representative of the O.E. participial form in *-ende*. He shows how this verbal noun can enter into a compound, as in walking-stick, a church-going bell. Examples are given of the shortening of the vowel in the first element of compounds, as in husband, huzzy, knowledge, Whit-Sunday. The use of the split infinitive in moderation, and where necessary for rhythm or emphasis is defended, and illustrated from Burns's line:

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,

The use of "reliable," the most abused word in the English language, is defended as an innocent necessary word, respectable on the score of antiquity. According to the "New English Dictionary" the word occurs as early as the year 1569. The formation of new words by subtracting something from old ones, commonly called "back-formation" is treated as a legitimate process, as in difficult from difficulty, to jeopard from jeopardy, to burgle from burglar, to swashbuckle from swashbuckler. The fixed *s* of the plural as in the phrase "by this means" is illustrated by such examples as "an honourable amends," an innings, a barracks, a golf links. Our plural *s* is shown to be due to the gaining ground of the native plural in *-as*, and not to the old French accusative plural, as has been held by some scholars. Professor Jespersen agrees with Dr. Murray on the pronunciation of "doctrinal" with shortening of the Latin *i*, and stress on the first syllable, and from Fittedward Hall's examples shows to what absurdities an unswerving conformity with Latin vowel quantity would bring us in the pronunciation of Latin words introduced into English. The learned professor has some very good remarks on a slavish deference to Latin syntax in the composition of an English sentence, and is very severe on the "almighty schoolmaster." He

quotes with approbation the words of Huxley: "The Genius of the English language is widely different from that of Latin; the worst and the most debased kinds of the English style are those which ape Latinity. I know of no purer English prose than that of John Bunyan and Daniel Defoe . . . yet Latin literature and these masters of English had little to do with one another."

Scattered up and down the pages of the book there are many interesting explanations of special words. Few people are aware of the historical associations of the word "cheap," used as an adjective, and as an element in local names such as Cheapside and Eastcheap. The word is thought to be due ultimately to a very early borrowing from the Latin *caupo*, "a wine-dealer." This word and "wine" show at what an early date the favourite Italian drink was appreciated by the beer-drinking Germans. Bugge's highly probable derivation of "heathen" from the Greek *ethnos* is referred to in a note. "Window" is a Scandinavian borrowing, compare Icelandic *vindauga* ("wind-eye"), based on the eye-shape of the windows in the old wooden houses, compare O.E. *ægthyrel* ("eye-hole"), and Russian *okno*, "window," from *oko*, "eye." The Scandinavian knives were probably better than, or at any rate different from, those of the nations among whom they intruded, for our "knife" as well as the French *canif* are borrowed from our northern invaders. The derivation of the word "Yankee" has for a long time been an unsolved puzzle. Dr. Jespersen mentions with approval the explanation recently set forth by Professor H. Logeman. It is suggested that the term was originally applied to the Dutch colonists in North America, such as the inhabitants of new Amsterdam, now New York. The original form of the word was Jan Kees, a nickname still applied in Flanders to people from Holland. For the loss of the *s* compare our "pea" from an older "pease," and the forms Chinese, Maltee, Portugee. *Jan* is, of course, the common Dutch name corresponding to "John." As to *Kees* opinions differ, the more probable one being that it is a dialectal variation of the Dutch *kaas*, "cheese," a typically Dutch product.

Perhaps enough has been said to show how varied is the interesting information to be found in this book. It is quite impossible in a brief notice to give any adequate idea of its sterling worth, the accurate scholarship, the skilful marshalling of significant facts, the well-balanced judgment of which there is evidence on every page.

A. L. MAYHEW.

FRIEND ELLWOOD

The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood. Written by his own hand. With extracts from Joseph Wyeth's Supplement. Edited by S. GRAVESON. (Headley, 10s. net.)

It is now nearly two hundred years since Ellwood's autobiography was first "Printed and sold by the Assigns of J. Sowle, in White-Hart-Court, in Gracious Street." Since then, eleven editions have been issued—one as recently as 1900—but in some the text has been abridged and modernised, while others have omitted Joseph Wyeth's Supplement entirely, thus depriving the book of much of its value as a faithful reflection of the man and his environment. In the volume before us the editor has wisely returned to the original spelling and the typographical peculiarities of the early eighteenth century, giving us extracts from the Supplement, a good bibliography, and—a valuable addition—biographical notes. His work has been well done, and, save for a few unimportant printer's errors and the superfluous "historical introduction," which is not even accurate, we find little to which we can take exception.

Thomas Ellwood was born at Crowell, in the Vale of Aylesbury, in September or October 1639, a twelvemonth before the summoning of the Long Parliament, so that he was little over nine years of age when the Civil War ended with the execution of Charles. But "man is born unto

trouble as the sparks fly upward"; and if Friend Ellwood missed those turbulent days, his life was one of unceasing persecution. At school he profited apace, having, he tells, "a natural Propensity to Learning. . . . And yet (which is strange to think of), few boys . . . wore out more Birch than I"; for:

being a little busie boy, full of Spirit, of a working Head and active Hand, I . . . was often playing one waggish Prank or other among my Fellow-Scholars, which subjected me to Correction, so that I have come under the Discipline of the Rod twice in a Forenoon. Which yet brake no Bones.

But his talent was, in a measure, allowed to rust, for his father, having become a Justice of the Peace, "put himself into a Port and Course of Living agreeable thereunto," and in order to retrench expenses withdrew the boy from school—a proceeding which, as Ellwood quaintly remarks: "was somewhat like plucking green Fruit from the Tree, and laying it by before it was come to its due Ripeness; which will thenceforth shrink and wither, and lose that little Juice and Relish which it began to have." After leaving school he parted company with his books and entered with zest into the sports and pleasures of the times, though, he is careful to tell us: "I always sorted my self with Persons of Ingenuity, Temperance and Sobriety; for I loathed Scurrilities in Conversation, and had a natural Aversion to Immoderate Drinking." Then came the turning-point in his career. Accompanying his father on a visit to Isaac Penington, who had purchased an estate at Chalfont and turned Quaker: "it pleased the Lord, in his Infinite Goodness, to call me out of the Spirit and Ways of the World," and he joined the Community of Friends. From this date till his death in 1713, despite the fact that "the Enemy, transforming himself into the Appearance of an Angel of Light," from time to time gained subtle advantages over him, his life was given up to devotion and to the service of his cause.

In Puritan England it was customary not only for the master of the house to wear his hat constantly indoors, but for men of quality to retain their headgear even in church. The Quakers strenuously opposed all "hat-honour," refusing to pay to man a homage often denied to God, and Friend Ellwood was at first much exercised in his mind, the Enemy suggesting that he should "make a Difference between my Father and all other Men." But in the end he was shown the Light, and, going out to meet his father without removing his hat, was soundly drubbed for his insolence. To this and to two subsequent chastisements he submitted cheerfully, having "Peace and Quietness in my Mind, and being much more grieved for my Father than for my self." Shortly afterwards he went, at Isaac Penington's invitation, to reside at Chalfont Grange. For a year he has nothing to record save frequent attendances at Quaker meetings at Bledlow, two miles from Crowell, "in the House of one Thomas Saunders, who Professed the Truth; But his Wife, whose Name was Damaris, did Possess it," and at other places. Then, in 1661, in order that his neighbours should hear the Gospel "livingly and powerfully preached among them," he tries to secure the services of a Friend: his letter is intercepted, and he is arrested and carried before the Justices at Weston, they

putting divers Questions to me relating to the present Disturbances in the Nation, occasioned by the late foolish Insurrection of those frantick Fifth-Monarchy-Men. To all which I readily Answered, according to the Simplicity of my Heart and Innocency of my Hands

Refusing to take the Oath of Allegiance, he was sent to Oxford, where he remained for some months in the custody of the City Marshal. The country had been in a ferment ever since the rising of the "frantick Fifth-Monarchy-Men," and the Justices, gladly seizing upon any pretext to persecute the Quakers, descended upon their meetings, accusing them of gathering for purposes of sedition, and on their refusing to sign an oath of allegiance to man, hurrying them off to prison. Friend

Ellwood regained his liberty, only to be taken again, with Isaac Penington and others, at a meeting at Chalfont and released on his own recognisances. Being anxious to resume his interrupted studies, he obtained an introduction to Milton, and read to him in Latin. He had, during his retirement, he tells us, so far recovered the rules of grammar "that I could read a *Latin* Author, and after a Sort hammer out his Meaning." Milton, however, found fault with his pronunciation, and a new difficulty presented itself:

It was now harder for me to read than it was before to understand when read. But . . . my Master . . . having a curious Ear, he understood by my Tone when I understood what I read and when I did not: and accordingly would stop me, Examine me, and open the most difficult Passages to me.

For six weeks he remained in London, reading to Milton in the afternoons and working by himself in the forenoons, but his studies were interrupted by an illness which forced him to return to the country. On his recovery he returned to London and was well received by his master; but, some suspicion of a plot arising, he was seized at a meeting at the Bull-and-Mouth in Aldersgate and carried off with his companions to Bridewell. The prisons were at this time filled with Quakers, yet Friend Ellwood was supplied with money by Isaac Penington and his brother, and seems, on the whole, to have fared very well. After two months' imprisonment "without having seen the Face of any Civil Magistrate," they were taken to the Old Bailey, and thence, after some quibbling, to Newgate, where they were "thrust into the Common-Side," and very ill-lodged. One of the Friends, however, died of disease, the Coroner condemned the insanitary condition of the room they occupied, and they were sent back to Bridewell and eventually released. Three years later Ellwood attended the funeral of a Friend at Amersham. As the procession passed up the street a Justice of the Peace rushed out of The Griffin inn with

the Constable and a Rabble of Rude Fellows whom he had gathered together, and having his drawn Sword in his Hand, Struck one of the Foremost of the Bearers with it, Commanding them to set down the Coffin. But the Friend who was so stricken . . . being more concerned for the Safety of the Dead Body than his own, lest it should fall from his shoulder, and any Indecency thereupon follow, held the Coffin fast: Which the Justice observing, and being enraged that his Word (how Unjust soever) was not forthwith Obeyed, set his Hand to the Coffin, and with a forcible thrust threw it off from the Bearers Shoulders, so that it fell to the ground in the midst of the street, and there we were forced to leave it.

As a result of this he was committed to Aylesbury prison and detained there for a month.

We have been able to give but a brief account of Ellwood's earlier life: the persecution continued intermittently till his death at Hunger Hill in February 1713. His own History, written in a quaint, self-conscious style, takes us to 1683, and, with Joseph Wyeth's Supplement, furnishes a graphic picture of the times. He bore his frequent imprisonments with cheerful resignation, and is able to write:

It was a good Time, I think, to us all, for I found it so to me; the Lord being graciously pleased to visit my Soul with the refreshing Dews of his divine Life, whereby my Spirit was more and more quickened to him, and Truth gained ground in me over the Temptations and Snares of the Enemy. Which frequently raised in my Heart Thanksgiving and Praises unto the Lord.

But perhaps the one thing which will strike the reader most of all is the implicit faith placed by both justices and jailers in the word of the Quakers they attacked with an almost unparalleled bitterness. Ellwood gives a good example of this in his description of the return from Newgate to Bridewell:

We took our Bundles on our Shoulders, and walked Two and Two a-Breast through the Old Bailey into Fleet Street and so on to Old Bridewell. And it being about the Middle of the Afternoon, and the Streets pretty full of People, both the Shopkeepers at the Doors and Passengers in the Way would stop us, and ask us what we were, and whither we were going. And when we had told them we were Prisoners, going from one Prison to another (from Newgate to Bridewell), What, said they, without a Keeper! No, said we, for our

Word, which we have given, is our Keeper. Some thereupon would advise us not to go to Prison, but to go home. But we told them we could not do so; we could suffer for our Testimony, but could not fly from it. I do not remember we had any Abuse offered us: but were generally pitied by the People.

Ellwood's literary work was almost entirely confined to pamphlets and books of a controversial nature, but during his confinement in Bridewell and afterwards he wrote several poems, including an attack on vice and priests and things in general entitled "*Speculum Seculi*: or, a Looking-Glass for the Times," and a hymn to God in which occur four lines which we cannot forbear quoting:

Thy matchless Love constrains my Life
Thy Life constrains my Love,
To be to Thee as Chaste a Wife
As is the Turtle-Dove!

In later years he commenced a *Life of David* in verse, but, the Prince of Orange landing and the Revolution following, "the Noise of Guns, and Sound of Drums, &c., so disturbed his Meditation and gentle Muse (which like the *Halcion*, breeds in Calm Weather) that his Poetical Genius left him." Much of his verse is not without merit, but Friend Ellwood appears to have worked his Pegasus hard and fed him indifferently, and his occasional jibbing is excusable.

CHWANG TZE

Musings of a Chinese Mystic. Selections from the Philosophy of CHUANG TZŪ. With an Introduction by LIONEL GILES (Murray, 2s. net.)

IN the age of Chwang Tze the Chinese were occupied with the same problem as that which the Greeks a few years before had failed to solve. Chin then threatened to overwhelm the brilliant civilisation of the weak and divided Chow states, as Macedonia had overwhelmed the brilliant civilisation of the weak and divided Greek states. But when the blow fell, the foolishness of Chwang Tze availed more than the wisdom of his contemporary, Demosthenes. "To trust to the sword," said the Chinaman, "is to perish." Instead of trying to avert disaster, he prepared his countrymen to encounter it. The event was that, from amid a ruin greater than that under which the spirit of Greece was crushed, the spirit of China arose undaunted and invigorated.

Chwang Tze was a man with a genius of a cast peculiarly Chinese. In it there were united things incongruous to a European mind: the fire and spirituality of a prophet, the depth and subtlety of a metaphysician, and the wit and irreverence of a satirist. Of the invaders he was not afraid. They were a blind instrument of Divine wrath, sent like a conflagration to a plague-stricken city to cleanse it and prepare the way for the re-builders. It was the Chows he feared, the native princes. Were they to succeed in collecting their corrupt and iniquitous dominions into a strong and entire empire, the plague would gather and infect the very soul of China. He refused, therefore, to play the part which Demosthenes was playing at Athens. It was moral strength that the country needed, not statesmanship. When affairs were in a bad way, the Prince of Chu asked him to take over the administration. He was quietly fishing when the messengers arrived, and went on fishing while they spoke. Then, without turning his head, he said: "I have heard that the Prince of Chu keeps a dead tortoise in a shrine on the altar of his ancestral temple. Do you think that tortoise would have preferred to die and receive these high honours, or to live and wag its tail in the mud?" "Doubtless," replied the messengers, "it would have preferred to live and wag its tail in the mud." "Begone," said the sage, "I too will live and wag my tail in the mud."

It was, however, his tongue that Chwang Tze wished still to wag. By a brilliant and subversive philosophy, expressed in amazing paradoxes, keen invectives and profound

thoughts, he was then undermining the influence of the patriotic and pragmatist sophists of the Confucian school and sapping the authority of the Chow rulers. The time was ripe for a reformer.

Although Confucius had been dead only a hundred and fifty years, his teaching had already begun to be discredited by its results. It was a system of utilitarian morality which, like some of the systems of mere ethics of modern agnostics, seemed to retain in the lifetime of its founder a source of vitality as perennial as that possessed by the ancient faith from which it was severed. But it was a tree cut off from its roots, and animated only by a scantling of the old sap. In the air of spring it had put out a few tufts of living leaves, but in the season of heat and drought, in which Chwang Tze lived, it was reduced to a sere and stricken thing. Under the influence of the sophists of the Confucian school, virtue was become a matter of calculation and rhetoric; law, a respectable branch of brigandage, and philosophy the iridescence of national decay. Even Mencius, the so-called St. Paul of Confucianism, had lost faith in the efficacy of didactic morality, and had reverted to that last resource of all agnostic regenerators of mankind, an economic view of human society. When Chwang Tze attacked him, he was engaged in an endeavour to establish the power of the state of Chi by amending its frame of government. It is the wisdom of the world, said the sage, to put one's treasures in a box and secure it with lock and bolt. But the wisdom of the world is serviceable most of all to the strong thief. He carries the box off on his shoulder and his only fear is that the lock and bolt may give way and some of the treasure be lost. Study the history of the country which you are trying to strengthen against the invader by this sort of wisdom. A hundred and fifty years since, Chi was the richest and best governed state in China. But a usurper then slew the prince and stole not only his dominions but his system of administration, and by means of this he established himself so securely that no one dared to assail him.

Chwang Tze's political stories are the wittiest of his writings. None of them exceeds ten pages in length, and none of them is surpassed in the qualities of irony, force and maliciousness by any similar work in the modern literature of the world. Confucius was his chief object of attack. He caricatured the Seneca of China; misrepresented him; placed him in ridiculous situations; and then, more fairly and more effectively, showed up his empty didacticism by contrasting it with the simple, natural habit of goodness formed by the spirit of righteousness in the soul of a poor, illiterate fisherman. In vain did the Confucianists appeal to the canonical books. The ancient books, said Chwang Tze, preserve the footprints of the wise men of old, but are footprints the same things as shoes? In order to walk in the ancient ways you must be shod with the ancient virtues. In order to find the ancient virtues you must recover the ancient faith. There, in the divine foolishness and the strength in weakness before which the power and the cunning of the world fade and are discomfited, there is the sure defence against the day of woe and disaster.

Chwang Tze, as Mr. Lionel Giles remarks in an admirable preface to a slight selection from the philosophical thoughts of the Chinese writer, was not an innovator. His monotheism was founded on the teaching of the "Old Master" of the sixth century B.C., and this teaching was, in turn, based upon ideas obtaining in China from time immemorial. What Chwang Tze did was to re-state the ancient creed in the terms of the thought of his age. Living in a period of agnosticism in which questions of science had been separated from questions of philosophy, and questions of ethics from questions of religion, he dealt with just those problems which sciolists think were never discussed until the modern era. His contemporaries were not ignorant of the idea of the evolution of species; some of them had, like Comte, elaborated a system of altruism; some had, like Nietzsche, erected in opposition

thereto a system of egoism; while many, like Renan, had developed the doctrine of relativity of knowledge into the theory of bitter scepticism and the practice of amiable indifference.

The contradictions and complexities in the philosophies of his age have left their mark upon the writings of Chwang Tze. Instead of working out his ideas in an independent fashion and building them into a consistent frame of thought, he expands them singly in a series of criticisms upon the various points of view of his contemporaries. When attacking the agnostics he makes religion a matter of knowledge; when attacking the metaphysicians he makes knowledge a matter of mysticism; when attacking the ascetics he makes mysticism a matter of virtue; when attacking the moralists he makes virtue a matter of grace.

But if these different planes of thought are regarded as rising one above the other little discrepancy, we think, will be found, on examination, between them. Setting out against the position of the sceptics, Chwang Tze contends that the feelings of man can reach to God. The one divine white light which is manifested in broken colours in the laws of nature is reflected in all its original purity in the soul of the saint. As a sense of the Absolute is a matter of feeling and not a matter of intellection—here Chwang Tze seems to have anticipated Mr. F. H. Bradley—metaphysics is not an end but a means. It is, at best, an instrument of constructive scepticism. The Chinese sage employed it admirably in destroying the alternation theory which from the days of Hui Tze to the days of Herbert Spencer has been the grand dogma of Agnosticism. He shows that to reduce the subjective aspect of the universe to the idea of mind, and the objective aspect to the idea of matter or force, is to separate the parts from the whole in which alone they subsist, and from which alone they derive value and significance. These abstractions are merely symbols which are validly employed only in analytical psychology. In enduing them with individuality and actual existence, men, like children at night-time, frighten themselves, by the spectres of their fancy, from the safe and easy road that would take them home. Subject and object are one in experience; and the dissociation of experience is as productive of errors in metaphysics as the dissociation of personality is productive of errors in practice.

On this base of wholesome scepticism Chwang Tze founded his theosophy. Philosophy was a matter of the intellect: theosophy was a matter of the will. When man had purged his mind from the illusions that prevented his soul from losing itself and finding itself in God, he had still to purify and confirm his desires. By asceticism? said the hermit. No, said the practical Chinaman; by fasting with the heart and working cheerfully in the world of men. That is to say, said the moralist, by performing one's duties and cultivating one's virtues? No, said the mystic, conscious virtue is not inward grace. Be child-like, natural, patient and humble. It is in the quietness of spirit and the rest of cares, in the evenness of recollection and the stillness of thought, that the soul becomes one with that Divine Power, which works in silence and abides unseen.

We shall never understand the strength of China until we understand her religion. In the course of two thousand and two hundred years the teaching of Chwang Tze has degenerated among the ignorant Taoists into a system of superstition as ridiculous as that into which the transcendentalism of Emerson is already decaying among the spiritualists and Christian scientists of America. But somewhat of the true spirit of the message of the Chinese prophet must surely survive in that great empire which it helped to preserve against the fate that has long since overtaken all other empires of the ancient world.

THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA SOCIETY

Early English Dramatists. *The Proverbs, Epigrams and Miscellanies of John Heywood.*—*The Dramatic Writings of Ulpian Fulwell.* Edited by JOHN S. FARMER. (Privately printed for subscribers by the Early English Drama Society.)

IN our review of the first four volumes published by the "Early English Drama Society," we expressed our regret that Mr. Farmer and his publisher Mr. Gibbings should have claimed for what appeared to be an ordinary trade venture the prestige of disinterestedness which attaches to work issued by a "Society." We also noted that the substitution of modern forms of words for Tudor ones frequently played havoc with metre and rhyme, and that in the play we selected for special examination the modernised text was not obtained by a new collation but was taken over bodily from the 1874 edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*. The two volumes now submitted to us appear neither better nor worse than their predecessors. They are still advertised as issued by the "Early English Drama Society," though its "Secretary," Mr. Gibbings, has not accepted our offer to print the Society's constitution in our columns, has avowed that there is no intention of printing a balance-sheet, and by dispensing with some or all of the six Vice-Presidents whose names adorned his prospectus before our review appeared, has shorn the Society of the one testimony to its public character which it originally possessed. As regards the text, modern forms are still used instead of Tudor ones, e.g., "slippery" instead of "slyper," and "seldom" instead of "seld," and we learn from the bibliographical note that the text of *Like will to Like* (which, with the aid of forty-eight pages of blank paper figures as "The Dramatic Writings of Ulpian Fulwell" 1) "follows that of Hazlitt." This in its turn was based on that of the quarto printed by John Alldie in 1568 (Mr. Farmer's 1508 is, of course, a misprint, but should have been corrected), of which the unique copy is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. If this had been collated afresh for the present reprint we presume that Mr. Farmer would have said so, but we have not been able to get to Oxford to consult the original, so that we cannot tell to what extent readers are injured by the apparent omission. Mr. Farmer mentions the later edition of 1587, of which a copy is in the library of the British Museum, and this should of course have been quoted where it corrects the 1568 text. We gather, however, that Mr. Farmer has not troubled to look at it. Students of his "Note-book and Word-List" when they come upon the humorous entry "Variorum Readings, etc." may think that we do him an injustice in this surmise, but they will find that the few variants which he records are brought together from stray foot-notes by Mr. Hazlitt, and give no evidence of independent collation. It may thus be gathered that Mr. Farmer, though he prefers to speak of Fulwell's *Like will to Like* as his "Dramatic Writings," has acted in the spirit of its title, tenderly preventing these new volumes of his series from putting their predecessors to shame by keeping them as like to them as possible.

As regards the literary value of Fulwell's play and Heywood's *Proverbs* not very much can be said for them. *Like will to Like* is interesting because here at least there is an orthodox "Vice" who, at the end of the play, rides off to hell on the devil's back, an incident which is much more prominent in histories of the drama than in the plays which have come down to us. It is also a tolerably good example of the extraordinary shallowness of the moral feeling which underlay the "moralities" in their later developments. As for Heywood's *Proverbs*, here and there they show flashes of shrewd humour, but the very readiness with which the author was prepared with an "Otherwise," or alternative version, is an indication of the carelessness with which they were thrown off. Both the play and the *Proverbs* are interesting to philologists and literary and social students, for they have a

place, though far from an important one, in the evolution of the English language, English social and moral feeling, and the English drama. It is the more to be regretted that in the texts in which they are now represented quite one half of this interest is shorn away.

ROMAN PRIVATE LAW

Roman Private Law. By A. W. LEAGE. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

THE aim of this book is "to give, as simply as possible, the subject-matter of the Institutes of Gaius and Justinian"; and, had the author been able to confine himself within these limits, his accuracy and clearness and the utility of his book might have been questioned, but criticism of his method would hardly have been appropriate. As it is, the book falls between two stools. It is not a simple digest of the Institutes, nor is it a proper critical treatment of the subject. Thus the author does not confine himself, on the historical side, to those changes which make the difference between the law of Gaius and the law of Justinian, but gives some account of the origin and development of most of the institutions with which he deals. We could wish that, having gone thus far, he had gone further. The value and interest of Roman Law to the modern student are becoming more and more historical. The author is as good a judge as any one of the utility of his work for the purposes of the Oxford Schools, but we suspect he has been thinking chiefly of his weaker pupils. Surely the better class requires something at once more comprehensive and critical.

No better example of what we mean could be found than the section on contract. A simple statement of the contents of the Institutes would have been harmless and useless. Mr. Leage states theories of the origin of stipulatio and mutuum, and hints views upon the bonae fidei contracts, but makes no attempt to view the subject as a whole, to show how the gulf between contract under the Twelve Tables and under the Corpus Juris was bridged. Again, the whole interest of the *Perpetua Mulierum Tutela* lies in its decay, of the system of Delicts in its strong flavour of archaism. These are topics upon which the book touches, but without real grasp or illumination.

We believe these faults to be due partly to the fact that the author is content to follow, in the main, the order of the Institutes. It is a pity, in any case, not to show the student a better way than one which results in two separated sections on *Exceptiones*, *Agency* figuring as part of the law relating to actions, and *Universal Succession* occupying a wholly unjustifiable position. But beyond this, the order makes a comprehensive and critical treatment almost impossible: it spoils the attempt to make the book a little more than an analysis.

One merit the book certainly has; it is very clearly and concisely written, except where, as is occasionally inevitable, conciseness gets the better of clearness. We wish we could add the merit of accuracy, for then the author might retort that our previous criticisms are inappropriate for a book professedly elementary. But we note with regret a number of mistakes some of which might certainly have been avoided by more careful revision. We will mention the more obvious.

Gaius does not say that the legislative power of the Senate was questioned under the Republic, for such power was not then claimed for the Senate; and it is giving a very wrong impression to say that "by the time of Augustus the auctoritas of the Senate had come to be regarded as essential for every law" (pp. 9 and 10). We do not think there is any authority for the statement—so opposed to principle—that the children of a Latinus Junianus were full citizens, unless, perhaps, in the later Empire. On p. 80 we find it said that in the time of Gaius a father on emancipating a filius retained absolutely one-third of the *peculium adventitium* (more correctly *bona adventitia*), which the previous page has rightly told us

only arose under Constantine. The exact title of the bonafide possessor to fructus is not easily explained, but the account, on p. 130 seems to us confused, not to say wrong. Again, it was from the edict, not the *jus civile* that came the requirement that the number of witnesses to a will should be seven (Just. ii. 10, 3, and p. 177), though this is a trifle.

The most serious mistakes occur in the section on contracts. One might as well call stipulatio a consensual contract as nexum a real contract (p. 265). The *condictio triticaria* did not enable an additional third to be recovered by way of penalty (p. 267 and elsewhere). The account of the written stipulatio (p. 273) raises suspicions which are confirmed on turning to p. 291, where we are told that a person sued upon a cautio, which raised a presumption of a proper stipulation, could rebut that presumption by showing that no stipulation had in fact been made. The author seems to us to misunderstand and exaggerate the passage of Ulpian (Dig. 2. 14. 7. 12), and to overlook the significance of Just. iii. 19. 12 and other texts. One would hardly gather from him that the mere fact that a stipulation had not really been made might very well furnish no defence to an action on the cautio. There is mention of the second chapter of the *Lex Aquilia* neither on p. 282 nor p. 330 nor elsewhere. The statement made on p. 287, that *nomina transcripticia* were the only cases of obligatio *litteris*, is tenable, but is contradicted on p. 290. The attempt made on p. 292 to import the doctrine of consideration into the consensual contracts is a bad blunder. Certain contracts were allowed to be binding by simple consent, but no common principle underlies these exceptions; a doctrine of *quid pro quo* must have had far wider consequences. Besides, the author sees that no such doctrine will apply to *mandatum*, in spite of his remark (p. 304, clearly erroneous) that from the moment of the formation of the contract the *mandatarius* had the *actio mandati contraria*. The author must know that there can be a good equitable assignment of contractual rights in this country without writing, though the contrary seems to be stated at p. 315. Only confusion can come from the attempt (p. 317) to apply the notion of *contrarius actus* to the real contracts. Release of literal obligations by *accepti relatio* is only a highly probable conjecture.

There seem to be no notable mistakes in the section on delicts. With regard to Part III. (Actions) we must advert to the supposed formula of an *actio venditi* on p. 369, which is at variance with the principles governing the drafting of the intentio in a *bonae fidei* action (see p. 386).

In conclusion it is a pleasure to say that many of the sections show considerable power of lucid exposition, notably that on servitudes, and again that on legacies and that on *dos*. There is a very good summary of the slave's position in the matter of contract. But it is a pity that an elementary work should contain so many mistakes, and it is not altogether desirable that a work, professedly of that particular character, should now and again, and on no apparent principle, give a cursory account of what requires deeper treatment.

THE CATHOLIC RENAISSANCE

La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au XIX^e Siècle. Troisième Partie. De la Mort de Wiseman à la Mort de Manning, 1865-1892. Par PAUL THUREAU-DANGIN, de l'Académie Française. (Paris: Plon, 7 fr. 50.)

THIS volume is the conclusion of M. Thureau-Dangin's history of the Catholic revival in this country, in which term he includes the Anglo-Catholic movement in the Church of England. Those who have read the two previous volumes will not need to be told that the author shows a knowledge of the subject, and—what is still more rare—a sympathetic appreciation of the English point of view such as is rarely shown by those who write about a foreign country. This book is one which Englishmen should read; the view of an intelligent foreigner is always interesting, and the view of a foreigner so thoroughly competent and well informed as M. Thureau-Dangin is

very valuable. There is certainly no English book which gives a more just and clear account of the Oxford Movement and its effects on the two Churches, and there are very few which can be compared with this either for interest or for information.

M. Thureau-Dangin possesses in a marked degree the essential qualities of an historian. He makes no pretence to an impartiality that is equivalent to indifference and leads to dulness and misunderstanding; but his statements of fact are never coloured in the smallest degree, his candour is perfect, he never suppresses anything for reasons of "edification," and his judgment is of rare quality. In this volume he has to deal with the delicate subject of the relations between Manning and Newman; that his sympathies are with the latter is evident, but he is entirely just to both, and the story has never been told with such perfect balance and sense of proportion. In spite of the author's admiration of Newman, he makes his special failing apparent merely by his scrupulously accurate presentation of the facts. That failing was a capacity for getting other people into positions from which he could not help them to find their way out. Newman was always encouraging or half-encouraging people to take a certain course, but, when it came to the point, was apt almost to leave them in the lurch. He ought not, for instance, to have refused Dugasbury's offer to take him as his theologian to the Vatican Council; his view of the case is clearly shown in his letter to Bishop Ullathorne and in other private letters, and he ought not to have shrunk from taking an active part. In all probability Newman would never have become a Roman Catholic had he not put himself and others in an untenable position by starting his theory of the *Via Media* without making himself really acquainted with the Anglican Divines.

M. Thureau-Dangin brings out more clearly even than Mr. Purcell the greatness of the last years of Manning's life, although he has not perhaps much more sympathy than Mr. Purcell with the political and economic standpoint at which Manning arrived, one not very different from that of the French Radical-Socialists. The late Mr. Henry George, by the way, though an apostle of land nationalisation, was certainly neither a Socialist nor an opponent of private property in general, and Manning quite understood and sympathised with his views. The complete change in Manning's ecclesiastical and religious views is also made plain by the author, and his explanation is, no doubt, the true one. Manning was an Ultramontane so long as the fervour of the convert lasted; the change was due to knowledge and experience. It was even greater than M. Thureau-Dangin perhaps realises; Manning, in his later years, came to regard the breakdown of the papal system in its present form as almost inevitable; he was thoroughly disillusioned.

The last four chapters of the volume deal particularly with the movement in the Church of England, and here in particular the author shows his ability to appreciate and understand a point of view not his own. It must be admitted that this part of the volume is less interesting to an English reader than the other; the tale of ritual persecutions has often been told, and was never of absorbing interest. But it gives the French reader an accurate account of the event, though, perhaps, it will tend to give him an exaggerated notion of the relative importance of the Anglo-Catholic party in the English Church. Since M. Thureau-Dangin is writing a history of that party, not of the Church of England as a whole, this is almost inevitable: but he is not altogether just to the Broad Churchmen in the references that he makes to them. He does not attempt to forecast the future, but evidently thinks that the Church of England will break up and that the Anglo-Catholic may eventually join the Roman Communion. There does not seem to be much probability of either contingency; it may, indeed, be asked whether the Anglo-Catholic movement in the Church of England has not passed its zenith. The Roman Catholic revival certainly passed it long since.

A LITTLE SONG FOR ST. CLARE

If I might be
A blade of grass, a flower beside the way,
To touch the hem of Francis' robe each day—
Ah, joy too sweet for me!

If I might know
The bliss the wind has for a little while
Which breathes soft kisses on his lips that smile—
God will not have it so!

ANGELA GORDON.

SEA SONGS AND BALLADS

IN these days of short voyages and pirated music the popular sea-song is rarely heard; a few old ballads, a few traditional chanties survive among a mass of very quaint modern tackle, the paradoxical humour of which is its most noticeable feature. "The Golden Vanity" in a corrupt form or "Farewell and adieu to ye gay Spanish ladies"—what a splendid line and how lamentably followed!—may still be heard; and among modern chanties "What's to do with a drunken sailor" and the rest of them, emanating, it is said, from 'Frisco, deserve the attention of the curious. But who can have written "Officers' Wives" or "Keel Haul"? What freakish mood inspired:

It was twenty-seven bells by the Waterbury watch,
Yeho, my lads, yeho!
The skipper was full of good old Scotch,
And the crew had gone below—ow—ow,
Yeho, my lads, yeho!

with its romantic MacGenty (Jonah) episode of the Brobdingnagian whale? Typical of this amazing form of humour is "The Blue-haired little Boy," which begins thus:

He has gone from us for ever has our blue-haired little boy,
We will never see our cross-eyed darling more:
Like a dream he passed away on the ninety-third of May,
He never died so suddenly before.
No more upon the mat will he play with pussy cat,
No more between his teeth he'll squeeze its tail,
No more upon the red hot bars he'll rub its little nose,
For little brother Tommy's kicked the pail.

Chorus:

He has gone for evermore at the age of ninety-four,
And there's nothing in the world his life would save.
So I'm off to the asylum to fulfil his last request
And to plant a bunch of tombstones on his grave.

Quousque tandem? These songs are possibly preferable to Dibdin's pensioned doggerel, but it is not surprising to hear that the most popular songs in the Navy of to-day are the latest music-hall trifles and such ballads as the Songs of the Sea which Mr. Newbolt wrote and Sir Charles Stanford set to music.

Most great poets have written about the sea, no one better than Beowulf; yet few have written songs which sailors can sing. That is left for the second-rate versifiers, the Deloneys and the Dibdins. Naval ballads of the nineteenth century can be written on half a sheet of note-paper; Browning's "Hervé Riel," Tennyson's "Revenge," Cory's "Two Captains," Stevenson's "Christmas at Sea," Henley's borrowed "O Falmouth is a fine town," Kipling, Newbolt and a few more—and after that it is a matter for research. Besides, they are for the great part literary imitations of the old ballads and sea-songs. To get back to the genuine contemporary broadside, half news-letter, half poem, is like passing from Southsea to the old quarter of Portsmouth. Sometimes it is an account of a sea-fight, bald and bombastic, rescued from insignificance only by its black letter and wood-cuts; sometimes an incredible romance, recorded with humble sentimentality and giving the impression that nothing could be commoner than for

maidens to join their sailor lovers in disguise and either to be shot in the breast or else discovered, pardoned, and married with acclamations. These are parallel to the broadsides which deal with landmen and relate events or romances in the counties, strange births or bold highway-men, or fables about Robin Hood or rough treatment of the Devil. There is endless entertainment for the indolent reader who can go to the originals; but a glance through any of the reprinted ballads—Roxburgh or Bagford or Halliwell's Naval Ballads or Ashton's Real Sea-songs—will show that only a few of them can survive small print and the commentator's accretions. Many, too, are as delightful and as unprintable as Durfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy." What, for instance, could be more insprising than the first stanza of "The Seaman's Frolic; or, A Cooler for the Captain"?

Captain Robert is gone to sea
(And I loved him well and I loved him well,
With all his merry, merry company
(Ther's them can sing and say).
Captain Robert is gone to sea,
The girls for his return doth pray,
And we shall never, never, while we live, come no more there
And we shall never . . .

The reason for this reluctance to revisit the same port may be ascertained by the inquisitive; also the happy issue of that touching ballad, "Joy after Sorrow, being the Seaman's return from Jamaica," of the Maid

which fell in desperation;
She loved a young man passing well,
Which brought her in vexation.

Rollicking, warm-hearted songs they are, regardless of probability and of length. Forlorn maidens wander sighing by the willows and the river, when suddenly the lost hero leaps ashore from his ship, pretending, perhaps, that he is the messenger of his own death at sea; or, if a morbid perverseness has afflicted the poet, his corpse is flung ashore at her feet and she dies of the shock. Villainous perfidy is treated with no less inevitable moralisation than unerring fidelity, and with equal prolixity; fifty stanzas is a common allowance for the description of a tortuous romance. The titles are alluring: "The Gosport Tragedy, or the Perjured Ship Carpenter," "The Seaman's Adieu to his pretty Betty, living near Wapping," "Love and Loyalty, a letter from a Young Man, on board of an English Privateer, to his beloved Susan in the City of London," "The Sailor's Complaint, or the True Character of the Purser of a Ship" (raciest of indictments) titillate the fancy, and, as often as not, prove to be misleading.

To be quite frank, there is no great harvest for the inquirer after beauty and poetry in these fields; but the laborious gleaner will be rewarded. Ashton, among a hundred and thirty "Real Sea Songs," has recovered several charming ballads.

Fisher lads go to the fishing,
Bonny lasses to the braes,
Fisher lads come home at even,
Tell how their fishing gaes,

sings one maiden whose lover is "away at Greenland." And another, writing her song and at every line "dropping a tear, Crying alas! for Billy my dear," says:

Thousands, thousands all in a room,
My love he carries the brightest bloom,
He surely is some chosen one,
I will have him, or else have none.

The grass doth grow on every lea,
The leaf doth fall from every tree,
How happy that small bird doth cry,
That her true love doth by her lie.

The colour of amber is my true love's hair,
His red rosy cheeks doth my heart ensnare,
His ruby lips are soft, and with charms,
I'd fain lay a night in his lovely arms.

The poem ends tragically, unlike "The Welcome Sailor" where the maiden declares:

My heart is like the sea, ever in motion.

Evidently a poetical lady; for when he unexpectedly returned:

They both sat down and sung, but she sung clearest,
Like a nightingale in spring, Welcome home, my dearest.

This ballad, by the way, is only a later version of "The Valiant Seaman's Return," beginning "When Sol did cast no light"; and it is not uncommon to find considerable variations in different versions, as for instance in the development of "Sir Walter Raleigh sailing in the Low Lands," into the Scotch "Golden Vanity" which "Christopher North" used to sing.

Naturally, the historical ballads admit of less variation in transmission, with their occasionally spirited but usually pedestrian accounts of recent sea-fights. But they are too much of the nature of semi-official reports and, in point of interest, must give way to the romantic tales of famous pirates, of Captain Webb and the Rainbow and of Dansekar the Dutchman, and, finest by far, of Sir Andrew Barton. Lord Howard's marksmen brought down all those whom this bold pirate sent up the mast-tree "to let the beams fall," and at last Sir Andrew, encased in armour, climbed up himself, and Horsly, the "bowman rare" from Yorkshire, shot in vain:

Then Horsly spied a privie place,
with a perfect eye in a secret part,
His arrow swiftly flew apace,
and smote Sir Andrew to the heart.
Fight on, fight on, my merry men all,
a little I am hurt yet not slaine,
I'll but lie downe and bleed awhile,
and come and fight with you againe.

And do not, saith he, feare English Rogues
and of your Foes stand in no awe,
But stand fast by S. Andrews crosse,
untill you heare my whistle blow.
They never heard his whistle blow
which made them all full sore afraid:
Then Horsly said, my Lord aboard,
for now Sir Andrew Bartons dead.

A noble pirate and a noble singer, and we are within hailing distance of Sir Patrick Spens. Mr. Wright, in the Festive Songs which he collected for the Percy Society, includes an early pirates' song from an old comedy, published about 1570.

Lustely, lustely, lustely let us saile forthe,
The winde trim doth serve us, it blowes from the north.
All things we have ready, and nothing we want
To furnish our ship that rideth hereby;
Victuals and weapons thei be nothing skant,
Like worthe mariners ourselves we will trie.

So it begins, and ends with splendid optimism:

If fortune then faile not, and our next voiage prove,
Wee will retourne merely and make good cheere,
And hold all together as friends linkt in love,
The cannes shall be filled with wine, ale and beere.

Several of the earliest songs are in praise of the sea-faring life; Halliwell in his Naval Ballads (Percy Society), quotes two poems which express the pro and the con., the "Hope of Good Fortune," and "Evill Fortune" of "seafardingers;" and "The Praise of Saylor," parent of numerous ballads, with its ingenuous opening:

As I lay musing in my bed,
full warm and well at ease,
I thought upon the lodgings hard
poor sailors had at seas,

is well answered by a later broadside entitled "Cordial Advice to all rash young Men who think to advance their decaying Fortunes by Navigation," which also begins with spirit.

You merchant men of Billingsgate,
I wonder how you can thrive,
You bargain with men for six months,
and pay them but for five:

But so long as the water runs under the bridge,
and the tide doth ebb and flow,
I'll no more to Greenland sail,
no, no, no.

The description of "bisket" boiled in whale-oil, "al to increase our woe," of brutal punishments, of storms and the risk of being "intombed by some vast whale," and of the cure for faintness (which would horrify Chicago), must have deterred many adventurous spirits from a voyage to Greenland. And even the earliest sea-song known, which tells of a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James at Compostella, is a gruesome catalogue of discomforts. The first stanza is grim enough:

Men may leve all gamys,
That saylen to Seynt Jamys;
For many a man hit gramys [upsets]
When they begyn to sayle;

and the last equally depressing:

For when that we shall go to bedde,
The pumps was nygh our bedde hede,
A man were as good to be dede,
As smell thereof the stynk.

It would be well to leave the subject on some less plaintive note, and to remember that the miseries of the seafarer were only one side of his life, and lessened as time went on. "The Sailor's Onely Delight" strikes a larger chord with its tale of the George Aloe and the Sweepstake; and there is even a note of pity after the Frenchman had been thrown into the sea.

Lord how it grieves our hearts full sore,
with hey, with hoe, for and anony ho,
To see the drown'd Frenchmen swim along the shore,
and amongst the coast of Barbarie.

All through these black-letter ballads there is the same homely touch, even in the most conventional dialogues between sailors and their sweethearts; they are one and all "human documents" and well repay a cursory examination. They are vigorous, honest and often romantic; but the impression which they leave is of sailors dreaming of home, fighting for home, and sailing home.

I stand on deck, my dearie, and in my fancy see,
The faces of the loved ones that smile across the sea;
Yes, the faces of the loved ones, but 'midst them all so clear,
I see the one I love the best—your bonnie face, my dear.
And it's hame, dearie, hame! oh it's hame I want to be,
My topsails are hoisted, and I must out to sea;
For the oak and the ash and the bonny birchen tree,
They're all agrowin' green in the North-a-countree.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE ENGLISH SONNET

Most people if asked to define a sonnet would be able to give only the rough description: "a poem of fourteen lines." Except the few students of sonnets there are not many who realise the limitations and perfections of which the sonnet is capable. Its emotion, its idea, its enthusiasm, must be limited within the compass of these fourteen lines, and, what is more, the idea must be born, matured and fade away in this short space. A very handsomely bound book, issued from the Wellwood Press, called "A Book of English Sonnets," has given rise to several reflections anent the duties of sonneteers. It would seem that a writer of no great merit can sometimes concentrate his talent in this direction, if he use all the depth and sincerity of which his nature is capable. With careful study of the rules and a deep study of the spirit that governs the best sonnets, a readable sonnet with the light of poetry about it may be written. But a journalist can spend a day in the country and read Jefferies coming home at night, and next day *The Sunbeam* may contain a very tolerable shadow of the "Pageant of Summer." Of course, a man

may write one song that will survive to glorify his name, so it is possible that a man may write much unvalued verse, but leave the one great thought or emotion of a lifetime in a tiny sonnet. We may recall the name of Blanco White, forgotten now, save by a few who, searching among collections of sonnets, will find sometimes that piece of vivid imaginativeness called "Night." It is not included in this present book, but the compiler in his preface says "that this anthology has no claim to be other than a personal choice, nor does it aim at an impossible completeness." However, he says further on that he has wished to include nothing that is not of the best nor does he wish to stick to any "rigid, formal theory" of the sonnet. The compiler lays himself open to criticism when he claims that he has lifted the best in the first instance; in the second, a gardener who declares that he reproduces the trim and ordered pleasure of the eighteenth century and yet, with the "return to nature" mind of the twentieth century, will allow wild corners and luxuriant masses of flowers, has achieved nothing. A sonnet is not an ode, it is not an indeterminate length of ecstasy, or reproach, or lovers' pleading such as come under the name of Thomas Watson in this collection. Among others, we quote with regret one by Charles Lamb as an instance of how fourteen lines of verse, because they happen to be fourteen, and for no other reason that we can imagine except that they were perpetrated by genius in an unlucky hour, are handed to the unsuspecting aspirant to literature as an example of the form and spirit of the sonnet:

In Christian world Mary the garland wears!
Rebecca sweetens on a Hebrew's ear;
Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear;
And the light Gaul by amorous Ninon swears;
Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines!
What air of fragrance Rosamond throws round!
How like a hymn doth sweet Cecilia sound!
Of Marthas, and of Abigails, few lines
Have bragged in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
Should homely Joan be fashioned. But can
You Barbara resist, or Marian?
And is not Clare for love excuse enough?
Yet by my faith in numbers, I profess
These all than Saxon Edith please me less.

If the compiler really wished to include the laughter and love of ladies' names he should have quoted Henley's Ballade on that subject. We think the following might be as suitable as an example of what a sonnet should not be:

Sentiment hallows the vowels of Delia;
Sweet simplicity breathes from Rose;
Courtly memories glitter in Celia;
Rosalind savours of quips and hose,
Araminta of wits and beaux,
Prue of puddings, and Coralie
All of sawdust and spangled shows;
Anna's the name of names for me.

In looking over what might be called the best we turn naturally to Shakespeare to seek in the magic mirror of his sonnets the saddest secrets of his heart, and what we believe to be the most perfect expression of himself. Most of the finest are quoted; but why include out of thirteen that one beginning:

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame,
and,
What potions have I drunk of siren tears.

There are two in their stead which the lover of literature might have prayed for:

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day,
and,
When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced.

It is an error in literary taste which is not covered by the plea of personal choice. There are, however, many sonnets we have not met before which the curious lover of sonnets may be glad to meet with. But the majority and all the best will be found in William Sharp's little book, "Sonnets of the Century."

Such an *omnium gatherum* leads to a very particular consideration of this form of poetry. To enumerate a few points by description may not be here out of place. First, the workmanship must be thorough, second, the inspiration throughout must be unforced. There is no other form of literary composition where the thought must be so perfectly defined in so short a space, and moreover defined in a manner that in most cases is fixed. The beginning must be eloquent with the thought, the middle contain the enlargement or generalisation, and the concluding lines either die away with the finished thought or take a decisive farewell of the emotion summoned up. We will use first an example from Keats, who loved the sonnet. His *Odesseum* in spirit almost a series of sonnets. His genius had largely that note of passionate self-revelation which must ever go along with the great body of sonnet literature—"with that small key Shakespeare unlocked his heart." Shrouded in a man's writings are the aspirations and despairs of his personal life. The wise read them, here a word and there a word.

But the sonnet was born by a union of the desire of the heart and the unrest of the brain chained within those fourteen lines, screened by a severe art from the careless eye; there lies the history of hearts. The greatest sequences of sonnets have always been those that alternately touched on or wanted with, that embroidered on or renounced, great and desolate passions. There are, of course, sonnets, especially where a man, otherwise unknown, has written a single one of note, which deal with some independent subject that has stirred a reed of fervent utterance. Among great sonnets, albeit he touched that magic string but seldom, Milton's stand alone. They mostly deal with the less personal themes, although those *On His Blindness*, *His Dead Wife* and his *Twenty-third Birthday* have the anguish and the aspiration of a soul's deepest life. We will take one of Keats's less well-known sonnets to trace in a small degree its creation.

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charact'ry
Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;

And when I feel, fair Creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

It is not one of his great sonnets, yet it has all his promise and power, something of the tears and sweetness of his magic lines.

The first line introduces the subject in completeness. The next seven lines give the reason of it, with gradual intensification of intellectual pain. It finishes, and a parallel emotion arises, and he follows it to the helpless close of love till the poem fades away in the gloom of the original thought. Shakespeare shows us that peculiar quality where the thought is evoked, searched into and compared, and finally divided into nothingness. The sonnet was his consolation. The thought came, was analysed, made poetry of, and flung aside:

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate;
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate:
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

There is the history of a thought, a beginning, the middle and the declension. For an eloquent expression of one emotion we will close with Wordsworth's tenderest sonnet:

Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind—
I turn to share the transport—Oh! with whom
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee? Through what power
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss!—That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

Z. Z.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Against Certain of our Poets," by Jane Barlow.]

FICTION

The Guarded Flame. By W. B. MAXWELL. (Methuen, 6s.)

MR. MAXWELL possesses the gift of concentration to an almost dangerous extent. In "Vivien" he directed his attention to blouse-shops and drapery establishments with an ardour which lent photographic accuracy to his portrayal of life therein. In "The Guarded Flame" he is occupied entirely with a small household in a quiet south-coast town. The chief member of this household is a very great scientist, which makes it necessary that there should be much talk of science in the book. It is here that Mr. Maxwell's concentration becomes dangerous. The terminology of blouse-shops is fairly easy to master; but the average person does not wish to buy a scientific dictionary to read a novel with, and Mr. Maxwell's intense interest in his theme leads him to forget that there is a large section of the public which does not know what a cerebrum is, and that it will agree too fully with him that "the diagnosis was not clear" when that diagnosis varied between "an embolism and vascular occlusion." This obscurity is all the more annoying because of the intense interest of the book. It is like cheating us out of a thrilling passage, or what we guess may be a thrilling passage, by writing it in a foreign tongue. The author's achievement is all the greater in that his personages and his incidents are not of the newest. The old man whose young wife and secretary fall in love with each other are not new to fiction; Dickens foreshadowed them in his Dr. Strong and Annie. But the fine character of Richard Burgoyne, his charming disposition, and his quiet, sunny home-life hold the reader's attention from the first page. His achievements are unintelligible to the general, it is true, but Mr. Maxwell tells us intelligibly that they were great, and this explains the care with which "the guarded flame" of his long life is cherished by those around him. There is no member of the little household who does not sacrifice his or herself to the great man, who is also very lovable. But another flame creeps in, fierce and not to be withstood, and the sunny atmosphere of the book slowly changes, subtly, and with an ever-increasing sense of coming sorrow. The illicit love that is so natural in the young wife who has never really lived, brings a terrible punishment; the great brain is clouded, a young life is cut short, her own and her lover's are thrust into a horrible welter of shame and pain and enforced secrecy. It is all astoundingly clever, and the long processes of thought, scarcely strengthened by any action, are never for an instant tedious. When the climax comes, and the husband, in a scene of power and horror, discovers his wrong, it would have been fatally easy for Mr. Maxwell to spoil his work; but he did not. The expiation is long, and Sybil throughout recalls the little mermaid who trod on

knives at every step; but gradually the clouds lighten. There is nothing obvious about the ending; the husband does not die, and the lover's death reaches us, as it reaches Sybil, from a long way off. But in the evening there is light, and our last glimpse of husband and wife is so peaceful, and so quiet, that its poignancy is haunting. Mr. Maxwell has a quiet and very refreshing humour, which brightens his pages. He has allowed himself the trick of occasionally relating events in the present tense, and the scientific terminology is a defect. But, when all is said, "The Guarded Flame" is an enthralling study of character by an earnest and sympathetic student. In dignity of subject and treatment it is a great advance upon "Vivien," though it will probably not be so popular. It has but little action, and the hero is an old man—quite enough to frighten the circulating libraries without the aid of vascular occlusion. But it is profoundly human and profoundly moving; and—to comfort the libraries—there is one whispered scene in it which, read even in the broad glare of a summer afternoon, completely terrified us.

The House of Souls. By ARTHUR MACHEN. (Grant Richards, 6s.)

If a man has a turn for carving gurgoyles one cannot fairly blame him for failing to produce pet lambs. We should be the last to dispute such a sound canon of criticism and have thoroughly enjoyed the brisk yet subtle shower of satire in which Mr. Machen descends (in the preface to this collection of fantastic tales) upon the shoulders of those who demand a pet lamb, as a serious, moral rallying point, and a profitable asset to boot, in the corner of every work of fiction. For all that, we cannot help feeling that he has put powers of imagination, on which he justly prides himself, to somewhat sinister uses. He is, in fact, more often than not obsessed by the gurgoylesque. He speaks somewhere of ages in which man lived in a world of mystery and love and adoration, when sacraments stood about all his ways, when the veil of the Temple grew there before his gaze and he saw the great sacrifice offered in the Holy Place: yet the atmosphere of the tales themselves is, except in one instance, wholly different, and the sacrifices therein are offered in most unholy places. If "almost every page contains a hint (under varied images and symbols) of a belief in a world that is not of ordinary every-day experience, that in a measure transcends the experience of Bethel and the Bank," one is left with the impression that the world behind the veil, as dimly imagined here, is indescribably hideous and appalling. We have every appreciation of good, hideous, ingenious gurgoyles (to keep up the metaphor) in their proper place, but Mr. Machen, like the famous wight who:

Thought he saw a banker's clerk
Descending from a 'bus;

but:

Looked again and saw it was
A hippopotamus,

might presumably mistake some innocent lily or rose, seen in a dusken fantasy, for a hobgoblin, or the King of the Fairies for Beelzebub. The particular mark at which this criticism is directed is the mystical tale called "The White People." This story, which is inset into a not particularly well-executed discussion on the nature and spiritual significance of sin, contains the narrative of a young girl, who as a child had lit somehow upon some of the secrets of Fairyland and whose initiation gradually widened as she grew. The thing is not wanting either in imagination or in a certain painful beauty of its own. It is, perhaps, the best-written piece in the book, and the childish, simple language, admirably suggested and maintained, heightens its undeniable pathos. But in the end the young girl is found dead, self-poisoned in time—whatever that may mean—and prostrate before an image which we are given vaguely to understand is symbolic of the "monstrous mythology of the (witches') Sabbath." We cannot satisfactorily follow

the process by which this gruesome consummation is attained. Mr. Machen has been inspired, no doubt, by wild, weird places. Their anciently reported spells, as Emerson has it, have crept upon him, but nowhere here does the enchantment of nature make for sober healing. And why should these influences be set to work upon a pure young spirit for sorcery rather than for sanctification? If Mr. Machen should answer: Why not? we can only say how very greatly we should prefer the alternative. The other experiments with the "gurgoylesque" are at least legitimate. Weird and resourceful as they are, however, perhaps they rather fail of horror in their super-psychical parts. Nothing elsewhere in "The Great God Pan" approaches the effect produced upon the reader by the callousness of the experiment of the doctor (in the preliminary chapter) upon the brain of the girl who had once owed her life to him, and that incident is nearer to the possibilities of a lust for science than any part of the resulting coil, in which the devil became incarnate for a while and was made woman. In neither this nor the clever arabesque entitled "The Three Impostors" (which might well have been called "The Murderers' Fantasia") is the elaborate surrounding scroll-work quite as effective as it might be; and in the latter extravaganza we lose touch with the main event through the plethora of side tales with which it is garnished, though a word of praise is due to the various literary and artistic characters upon whose vagaries and idiosyncrasies the action indirectly hinges. In our view, Mr. Machen displays a more pleasing fancy in "A Fragment of Life" which opens the collection. Herein are revealed a city clerk and his wife immured by a most sad wizardry within wall after seemingly impregnable wall of commonplace environment. But at the heart of the man is a sealed fountain of poetry and imagination. Touched by a chance association, the fountain bursts—the crumbling of those barriers may well leave the dusty reader refreshed.

The Eglamore Portraits. By MARY E. MANN. (Methuen, 6s.)

MRS. MANN owes nothing to her plot for the success of "The Eglamore Portraits." The book holds our attention from the very beginning, by reason of the intensely human types with which we are brought into contact and the skilful and unexaggerated manner in which the author handles her characters and their doings. The story hinges upon a subject that has long ago been worn threadbare. The principal object of mirth in the days of John Leech and the early *Punches*, it has since run the gamut of the literary scale and is now usually associated with the comic half-penny press. The tyranny of the mother-in-law is a theme which few modern novelists would care to elaborate, but Mrs. Mann approaches it in all seriousness. In a simple and direct style that eliminates the vulgar jocularly with which, in obedience to tradition, the subject is generally treated, she lays before us the struggles of a young couple harassed with an exceptionally disagreeable and domineering specimen of the maligned class. The young couple are of an ordinary, middle-class type; the scene is laid in a humdrum country town, varied by a glimpse of a rich merchant's house near Birmingham; the story deals with the usual foolish quarrels and reconciliations of a hot-tempered young wife and a stubborn husband; the "Eglamore Portraits," the cause, in conjunction with the step-mother, of all the strife, are a couple of pictures by a Victorian artist, painted in "his earlier manner"; but, in spite of all this apparent mediocrity, there is not a dull page in the book. We follow with interest the career of the silly, flighty little wife, torn between her love for her husband and her dread of her mother, and the patient, though determined, young husband has our full sympathy. Mrs. Mann has been particularly happy, both in her delineation of the latter and of a certain Susy Plain, a masculine young woman, whose loud voice, breezy manner and copious use of slang successfully cover the fact that she is a busybody of the most pronounced

order. The tragic element is not wanting in the closing chapters of the book, but we leave the young couple reconciled and in each other's arms.

The Brangwyn Mystery. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. (Long, 6s.)

THIS is a good-tempered "murder" story with a strong central situation. The practised novel reader will know at once what sort of story to expect, and will take it with him in a boat on a summer's day. When he has had lunch and moored his boat in a shady place he will read "The Brangwyn Mystery" and find all he asks of a novel in such circumstances, a lovely heroine, a suffering hero, plentiful comic relief, a stolid English detective, Frenchmen who speak broken English and an undiscovered murder that the reader, to set him quite at ease, is allowed to discover before he arrives at the sixtieth page. The dramatic possibilities of the situation are never reached, never could be reached by treatment so light and characters so sketchy: but they are there for the master hand. What is a man to do if he is generally suspected of a murder, but not officially prosecuted: and if he can only clear himself by sending his kinsman to the scaffold? The bare statement of the problem points to tragic depths: terrors that would jar on the holiday mood. Mr. Murray keeps them at arm's length, and is chiefly intent on engaging our sympathies for an habitual drunkard. In this he is entirely successful. It is impossible not to like Billery and rejoice whenever he is on the stage, even if we are sceptical about his easy conversion. We do not grudge him his delightful Irish wife, but we hope she kept the key of the Tantalus.

FINE ART

NATIONAL COMPETITION EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

I WONDER whether the high standard of much of the work of these students from all England, the enormous number of things sent up for examination, the ten gold medals, fifty-nine silver medals, two hundred and ten bronze medals, three hundred and eighty-two prizes of books, and five hundred and nineteen commendations which were awarded are matters of congratulation. We think of Cousin Pons and Balzac's profound remarks on his fate:

Il montrait gratis une des nombreuses victimes du fatal et funeste système nommé Concours, qui regne encore en France après cent ans de pratique sans résultat . . . Que penseriez-vous des Egyptiens, qui, dit-on, inventèrent des fours pour faire éclore des poulets, s'ils n'eussent point immédiatement donné la becquée à ces mêmes poulets? Ainsi se comporte cependant la France qui tâche de produire des artistes par la serre chaude du Concours: et, une fois la statuaire, le peintre, le graveur, le musicien obtenus par ce procédé mécanique, elle ne s'en inquiète pas plus que le dandy ne se soucie le soir des fleurs qu'il a mises à sa boutonnière.

What becomes of these gold medallists, bronze medallists commended students? Some hold it as an axiom that the prize winners of the schools never become really eminent as artists, though they may be popular; yet the fact that the Prix de Rome men in music during thirty years have proved their excellence, whilst in painting and sculpture they have nearly always turned out nonentities, is a singular contradiction of Balzac's complaint.

However this may be, there is one matter for congratulation, the great preponderance of works in the applied arts. Chairs and tables, teapots, card-cases, torpedo-boat-destroyers, baptism services and lace collarettes *we must have*, and we might as well have them designed well and truly, by trained eyes and cunning hands. Pictures, in oil or water-colour, are apparently not a necessary of life, and those to whom they are a luxury that can be indulged fill in their houses with works by painters who can no longer profit by their patronage, being dead. And

so the comparative scarcity of students of painting pure and simple is quite what it should be.

Even in this class the examiners, perhaps wisely, show great severity. It would be indiscreet to mention the names of students, so I will only say that one study in oil of the nude was only thought worthy of a bronze medal, because:

the examiners wish to remark that life studies should be painted in a more simple and direct method.

Perfection such as is shown in this piece is to be deprecated. It would puzzle the examiners to produce anything as sound and scholarly themselves by any method, direct or indirect. Another first-rate piece of work only obtained a bronze medal, and the reason given is quite baffling:

They again regret to find that objects with much intricacy of detail are used, such as curtains with patterns, repoussé brass work, books with type, sheets of music, etc., which are not suited to the study of Still Life painting, as they afford little play for the artistic preception [sic] of the student.

Any artist who is not an examiner would imagine that success in combining finish of detail and breadth of vision as in this group of old books is the highest achievement in mere craftsmanship, and that "artistic perception" is quite out of place in studies of still life. On the other hand, there is too much of this "beavers' labour" in places where it is inappropriate, in designs for lace which imitate the actual appearance of the finished article, in the imitation of old marble such as is to be seen in the model of the Apollino which obtained a gold medal, whilst the same student was only awarded a bronze for an excellent model of the nude from life. The examiners in one branch, metal and jewellery work:

are pleased to see no examples of the debased form of design of "l'art nouveau."

If it is not so evident in this section, *l'art nouveau* is yet exerting in other departments its baleful influence in the elbows, swirls and contortions that are its characteristics. Yet when we have said the worst we can of certain regrettable tendencies, there is so much that is promising among these students, that we must ardently hope that they will receive practical encouragement to continue and develop.

A very bad example of design is shown in the cover of the catalogue, in which the crown is balanced most unhappily on the English rose. It would be a good exercise for promising pupils to convert the rose, shamrock and thistle, with the letters E., R., into the portrait of the king, the prize to be awarded to the design which shows the greatest economy of line. Appropriateness is one of the first qualities of good design, and this fact is too frequently neglected in the schools.

B. S.

MR. STRANG IN BOND ST.—AND PICCADILLY

THAT an exhibition of the pictures rejected in any given year by the Royal Academy would be not less interesting—and possibly more instructive—than the display of those accepted is a contention which has frequently been advanced by critics of that institution; but, whatever this *Salons des Refusés* might contain, it has hitherto been impossible to believe that it would include examples of the art of an A.R.A. We have long ceased to be surprised that the work of a distinguished foreign artist, like M. Rodin, or of a distinguished British "outsider," like Mr. Havard Thomas, should be turned away from the doors of Burlington House; but the consideration hitherto shown by the Council to Academicians and Associates ill prepares us for its rejection of two works by a member of the Royal Academy. The achievement of this unparalleled feat has only been rendered possible this spring by the election of two Associate-Engravers, and the Council with unexpected promptitude has seized the opportunity to

read one of the pair a sharp lesson in Academic manners and taste.

Although Associate-Engravers are given the courtesy title of A.R.A. and their names are allowed to figure among those of the Associates on what has been termed the "prospectus page" of the Royal Academy catalogue, they have none of the rights of Associates. They have no votes in elections, their work, with the exception of their engravings, is as liable to rejection as that of any "outsider" of repute. Now in the by-laws of Burlington House it is written: "Members of the Academy are allowed to send six works;" and Mr. William Strang, rashly opining that his election as Associate-Engraver implied membership, was doubtless conscious of forbearance when he deposited only four "works" at the august portal. Unfortunately, Mr. Strang so little realised the lowliness of his lot that he included two oil paintings in his quartet, and had the temerity to conceive that the pictures of a mere engraver—who had received medals for his paintings in Paris, Dresden, and similar inconspicuous continental art-centres—would be as acceptable to the more exacting jury of the Royal Academy of London as the finished productions of such painters as Mr. St. George Hare, Mr. Sigismund Goetze and Mrs. Louise Jopling.

Mr. Strang has had his lesson, and, being unwilling to humiliate him further, we will only add that he will be wise in the future to refrain from obtruding his paintings upon the select company of Burlington House. We have carefully examined the two rejected pictures, *In the Beginning* and *Evening*, which are now together with other paintings, drawings and etchings by Mr. Strang, on view at the Fine Art Society's (148 New Bond Street); and, though we discover in them qualities we have remarked in the work of Holbein, Titian, Rembrandt and other painters who enjoyed some reputation in past ages, we cannot find in these, nor indeed in any of his work, the remotest resemblance to the paintings of Sir E. J. Poynter, Mr. Marcus Stone or Mr. H. W. B. Davis. In these painful circumstances, Mr. Strang would surely do well to realise that his paintings, whether portraits, landscapes or allegorical subjects, are far better outside than inside the Royal Academy. If he wishes to exhibit his pictures in London elsewhere than at a dealer's, let him send them, as he has done before, to the International Society, the New English Art Club, or some other society of artists who have the frankness to acknowledge, without bitterness, that their work is out of sympathy with the general quality of work at Royal Academy exhibitions.

MUSIC

SILENCE

MUST modern music so partake of the hurry of modern life as to seem to rush ever forwards in a motor-car? A great many people ask this question, and a great many more people brush them on one side as old-fashioned and ignorant of the trend of art; and, if a writer dare give expression to the inarticulate murmurs of these simple ones and plead for repose, he is a reactionary, and we must not depend on him. But sometimes, when we have left the musical arena, when for some time all the daily food of music has been supplied by thought and heard only with the inward ear, or has been of nature's making, it is inevitable that we should bring the conscious art-made music to be judged by wider standards. Probably every musician who comes face to face with the beauties of nature upon a holiday walk finds some phrase of notes called forth in his mind, answering to this message: If he be a composer it may be his own, or at any rate something which he has never heard before; if he be just a lover of music it will, perhaps, be from the symphonies of Beethoven or whatever finds highest place in his affections; but, however that may be, herein must lie the point of

connection between the music which is his expression and that greater kind which surrounds him.

When a piece of music is completely enjoyable in face of nature's music, it must mean that somehow it is in miniature a perfect expression of the same beauty as that which nature shows. To take a very simple instance: on a dazzling sunlit morning, before a single blade of grass has lost the crispness which the night dew has brought it, when everything, from the smallest leaf or flower to the pine-trees above or the brook below, glitters with radiant freshness, Mozart's well-known symphony in E flat rings joyfully in the brain. Everything seems Mozart-like; or, rather, it was just this phase of beauty to which Mozart's spirit perfectly corresponded.

Now, if it be true that modern music rides ever in a motor-car, that its atmosphere is heat and hurry, dust and noise, our art must indeed be in a bad way. It is not unnatural that musicians should be impatient of the accusation; they know that it is unjust; that their art, as truly as that of Mozart, is an attempt to express the beautiful, and that their means of expression are infinitely wider than his, if their grasp of their means is less certain. The conditions of art are very different, and there are other types of beauty than Mozart's sparkling morning, some, perhaps, deeper and stronger than his; and nature sings a sterner music to which art has its counterpart. Still, I do not think that it is only the bias of a reactionary mind which makes most essentially modern music sound incomplete, one-sided, when brought to this searching test. Is it not that in our enthusiastic eagerness to broaden the limits of expression, to increase the possibilities of sound, to add to its complexities, to produce new qualities, greater quantities, we have forgotten that sound is but half music, that our music, like nature's, is made up of sounds and silences? The old masters, Mozart and the rest of them, had a sense of balance between the values of sounds and silences which we, in increasing the first without regarding the second, have lost.

After all, silence is the basis, the groundwork, the life of music. From silence we take our beginning and to silence we come. We can conceive of perfect silence; but sound is endless, so that silence is our point of contact with the absolute. With increased power of sound, our need for corresponding silence becomes greater if we would keep the poise in our artistic music which makes it a reflection of nature's music. There are degrees in silence as in sound; it is, of course, but a shifting of the point of view, as the concave to the convex, but certain passages may impress us rather as comparative silence than as a slight degree of sound. Every one acknowledges the eloquence of the silent bar as used in the quartets of Haydn and Mozart, and I need hardly say that to increase the number of silent bars in modern music in exact proportion to the increased volume of sound would not produce the same eloquence. But besides absolute there are many degrees of comparative silence, the use of which seems too little understood. One instance of an inspired use of such silence will probably occur to many people readily, as it does to me. The beautiful prelude for strings alone to the second part of "The Dream of Gerontius" is as near to silence as sound can be; it is like silence of which one has become conscious, and to which one listens as in the stillness of the night.

How greatly such passages increase the power of those in which sound holds full and undisputed sway need not be pointed out, but it is not merely a temporary decrease in volume, a sort of shutting off steam for the sake of greater effect afterwards that I am speaking of. That, I think, is realised and valued, and by none more than by such composers as Liszt, Tchaikovsky and Richard Strauss; and yet I cannot think that they ever realised the power of silence as a positive end to be achieved, as a snowclad mountain top to be reached. Perhaps Strauss may yet do so, unlikely though it at first sight appears, for there is something in the ending of "Ein Heldenleben" which seems to make it not impossible.

It is a widening of outlook rather than merely a change of procedure which will bring silence again to its own in music. There are many other symptoms than the music itself which show it at present to be rather far away. The anxiety of composers to explain themselves to their audience, to tell exactly what they mean, that they may be listened to in the way they mean and no other, seems to indicate that the repose which speaks through silence has no large share in their work. We are coming to the time of provincial festivals, when we shall be presented with new works and badgered with fussy explanations of them. The latter we may put aside; in the works themselves we shall look for advance in beauty of expression, and if I mistake not, the next steps forward will be found to lead rather towards the same mountain tops than through the busy commerce of the plain.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. METHUEN'S autumn list contains a number of important announcements. Of the series of Shakespeare Folios which they are reproducing by photography on pure linen paper, the Third and Fourth are ready, and the Second is in preparation and will be published shortly. An introduction to the Folios by Mr. A. W. Pollard is promised. A study of Blake—the man, the poet and the artist—by Mr. Laurence Binyon, is to be issued in two volumes quarto, at a guinea net each. The first will contain a complete set of the Illustrations of the Book of Job, reproduced in photogravure in the exact size of the originals; the second, fifty-four plates of The Songs of Innocence and Experience, reproduced in size and colour of the originals from the copy lately in the possession of Lord Crewe. Either volume may be purchased separately. Among the biographies promised are: "From Midshipman to Field-Marshal," Sir Evelyn Wood's story of his life; "Marie Antoinette," by Hilaire Belloc; "Beauties of the Seventeenth Century," by Allan Fea; "Garrick and his Circle," by Mrs. Clement Parsons; "The Life of Henry Stuart, Cardinal York," by H. M. Vaughan; "Thomas à Kempis, his Age and Book," by J. E. G. de Montmorency; "George Herbert and his Times," by A. G. Hyde; "St. Catherine and her Times," by Margaret Roberts; "Queen Louisa of Prussia," by Mary M. Moffat; and another life of "Nelson's Lady Hamilton," by E. Hallam Moorhouse. Of books on art, the most important are: "European Enamels," by H. Cunynghame, and "English Coloured Books," by Martin Hardie—both in the Connoisseur's Library; "The Art of the Greeks," by H. B. Waters, and "Velazquez," by A. de Beruete, translated by Hugh E. Poynter—both in a new series, entitled Classics of Art; "The Child in Art," by Margaret Carpenter; "Aims and Ideals in Art," by George Clausen; and "The Arts of Japan," by Edward Dillon, in the Little Books on Art series. Other volumes of interest are: "The Coming of the Saints," by J. W. Taylor; "Parish Life in Mediæval England," by Abbot Gasquet; "The Bells of England," by Canon J. Raven, and "The Domesday Inquest," by Adolphus Ballard—all three in the Antiquary's Books series; "A Wanderer in London," by E. V. Lucas; a selection of poems by Wordsworth; and "A Sailor's Garland: Poems of the Sea," collected by John Masefield. We gave a list of Messrs. Methuen's forthcoming novels in our issue of June 30.

The Oxford University Press announces "The Oxford Anthology of English Literature," by G. E. and W. H. Hadow, in three volumes, the object of which is to indicate the chief landmarks in the progress of English literature. The first volume traces the course of prose and poetry (other than dramatic) from Beowulf to the writers of the Jacobean age; the second volume will follow the history of the English drama to the same terminal limit; and the third volume will take up the record at the time of Milton and will continue it to that

of Tennyson and Browning. For each volume characteristic examples have been selected with such brief introductions, critical, explanatory, or biographical, as the occasion seems to require. The extracts have been made on a scale as far as possible commensurate with their importance. The first volume will be ready in August.

Messrs. Constable have in the press a book on the subject of "Time and Clocks," by Mr. H. H. Cunynghame. The book is based on the series of lectures delivered by the author at the Royal Institute, and covers and explains, as far as they are known, the methods employed in all ages for measuring and indicating time. Numerous illustrations in the text assist in making clear the principles of time measurement employed by the ancients, and carry the subject down to the present day. —The same firm announce for early publication a volume of poems entitled "The Crackling of Thorns," by Captain Kendall—the "Dum-Dum" of *Punch*.

As the result of investigations extending over a period of many years, Sir Alnoth E. Wright has written a book on the microscope which Messrs. Archibald Constable will publish. It will contain a vocabulary of technical terms.

Like St. Andrews, Glasgow University, which has made arrangements to celebrate the quarter-centenary of George Buchanan's birth, will publish a memorial volume, and a foremost place is to be given to the address which Principal Lindsay is to deliver at the gathering at the University on November 1. The essay by Mr. T. D. Robb on "Sixteenth-Century Humanism, as illustrated in the life and work of Buchanan," which recently gained the one hundred guinea prize offered through the University of St. Andrews, will be included; and there are to be contributions by Professor Hume Brown and Mr. J. T. T. Brown, who will re-examine the argument for Milton's authorship of the 1642 translation of "Baptistes"; and bibliographical notes by various writers. Messrs. MacLehose will issue the volume, probably before the end of November.

Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Limited, will publish shortly a small pocket English Dictionary, at the low price of fourpence, compiled with the object of supplying a clear and concise definition of many thousands of difficult words likely to occur in reading. A useful appendix contains lists of English, Latin and Greek prefixes, suffixes, roots, foreign words, phrases, and abbreviations.

"The Life of Sir Tobie Matthew, Knight," by A. H. Mathew and Annette Calthrop is to be published shortly by Mr. Elkin Mathews. Subscribers to the Lending Libraries may be glad to know that this volume can be obtained at all of them, as soon as the book is issued. Those who wish to avoid waiting for it, however, should apply to their respective libraries promptly, as the first edition has already been ordered, and some few weeks must elapse after the issue of the first edition has taken place before the second can be ready.

Mr. Walter Winans has a new book in preparation which will probably be entitled "The Sporting Rifle, and what it has taught of Nature." The volume which will be elaborately illustrated, will be published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. T. N. Foulis has opened an office and warehouse at 23 Bedford Street.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ANCIENTS AND A FUTURE LIFE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—“A Student of Literature” will pardon me, I hope, if, though he makes no reference to my letter in your issue of the 28th ult., I take his letter in to-day's issue (August 4) to have mine in view, and will allow me to add that he has wholly misunderstood my point. I referred in no way to literary quality, but solely to a social fact. I admitted the melancholy which pervades classic works wherever death is the theme. I take exception only to the practice of many

modern writers of taking for granted that it is universal, and I showed that it is not so. If I quoted from the Anthology it was on account of its affording me the opportunity of proving that one of the Fathers of the Church was actually more despondent in his tone when speaking of Death than some Pagan writers. Beauty of thought and language are not to the point. Vain, too, is the heap of quotations from modern authors. They could one and all be shown to contradict themselves.

Take Shakespeare. How about his

Death is a fearful thing;
To die and go we know not where, etc.?

Against Pascal's "Je tends les bras à mon Libérateur," set his "Death itself is less painful when it comes upon us unawares than the bare contemplation of it even when danger is far distant."

How, too, as to Byron?

Death is a thing that makes men weep,
and his
A sleep without dreams, after a rough day
Of toil is what we covet most; and yet
How clay shrinks back from more quiescent clay.

Which brings somehow to mind Gray's:

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing anxious being ere resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind.

And would one expect to find in Burnet a way like this of dealing with the dogma of Eternal Life, which shows a lesser confidence in it than Socrates felt?

"Let us be adventurers for another world. It is at least a fair and noble chance; and there is nothing in this worth our thoughts or our passions. If we should be disappointed we are still no worse than the rest of our fellow mortals; and, if we succeed in our expectations, we are eternally happy."

This passage must remind many of Pascal's like way of arguing in favour of belief in the Christian faith.

If Homer makes Achilles utter the despairing cry of the eleventh Book of the Odyssey, there is the following very different passage in the fourth Book (I give Cowper's rendering):

Thee the Gods
Have destined to the blest Elysian isles,
Earth's utmost bound'ries (Rhadamanthus there
For ever reigns, and there the human kind
Enjoy the easiest life; no snow is there,
No biting winter and no drenching shower,
But zephyr always gently from the sea
Breathes on them, to refresh the happy race).

Now to conclude with the following passage from Pindar's second Olympic, and I hope I shall have succeeded in showing that we moderns are in no better position generally, if not absolutely, as regards a repugnance towards Death, or in the preciseness of our notions of the hereafter, than were the best minds among the Greeks and Romans:

But in the happy fields of light,
Where Phoebus with an equal ray
Illuminates the balmy night
And gilds the cloudless day,
In peaceful, unmolested joy,
The good their smiling hours employ;
Them no uneasy wants constrain
To vex th' ungrateful soil,
To tempt the dangers of the billowy main,
And break their strength with unabating toil
A frail disastrous being to maintain.
But in their joyous calm abodes,
The recompence of justice they receive,
And in the fellowship of gods
Without a tear eternal ages live. (WEST.)

Away from preachers or writers on divinity, "A Student of Literature" will have to search very widely and long before he will find anything in more modern poetry which comes as near as this to what might well be the Christian ideal of a future state. I will not refer again to Paul's ecstatic exclamation, but to the conclusion of Sir Thomas Browne's "Christian Morals" (section xxx.) for the embodiment of what ought to be the Christian frame of mind. Let it be read, and then let the reader consider how rare is that state and how much rarer its transfusion into our literature.

Who with health, and free from poverty, with a love of literature, science, art, nature, and the use of one's mental and physical powers, would, could, or ought to wish to leave this world? It is death, sickness, adversity (which the ancients studied to bear heroically when they befell them) which make us hope for another; and that other we fashion, as some of the ancients did, according to our own temperaments, or moods, if we try to fashion it at all.

R. S. Y.

August 4.

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Phipson's letter in the ACADEMY to-day, may I state there are several lists of amended spelling in this country

and in America: The Pitman Institute, Bath. We are moving for State or Government sanction for some form of spelling reform for use in public schools.

E. JONES.

Liscard, August 4.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Hav frendz, like F. Mayhew, ever askt themselfz the question: Cud filolojists, in Chaucer's day, hav asertained the history and determind the etimology ov wordz, seeing that hiz orthograpy wos different from ourz? To step over Spenser, let us ask him again: Az Shakespear rote hiz poemz and the printerz printed them without j, u, and very larly without w, and az hiz and their orthograpy woz not the same az the prezant, cud the filolojists ov that period hav trased the history and discoverd the derivashon ov wordz az spelt by Shakespear? Woz etimology a ded-leter? Haz he ever askt himself how came we to spel az we doo? Does he think that the history and derivashon ov wordz iz best prezervd and procured and cud not be exept by the prezant orthograpy? If so, why wer Caedmon, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespear, and Milton permitted to rite differently from us and differently from each uther? Iz it by a speshal Providens that our filolojists hav been favord by this Heven-made English spelling? If F. Mayhew thinks so, iz it not singular that not a singl English filolojist and not a singl wun in America aproovz ov it, but utterly condemz it. Professor Skeat haz declared: "In the interests ov etimology, I wish the comon spelling were utterly smasht"; and Dr. J. A. H. Murray, editor ov the mamoth New English Dicshonary, says: "My Dicshonary experiens haz alrede shown me that the ordinary apeelz to etimology against speling reform utterly break down upon examinashon. The etimological informashon supozed to be enshrined in the current spelling iz sapt at its very foundashon by the fact that it iz, in sober fact, oftener rong than riht, that it iz oftener the fansiez ov pedants or sciolists ov the Renaissance, or monkish etimolojerz ov stil erlier tizez, that ar thus prezervd, than the truth which alone iz *etimologia*. . . The tradishonal and snedo-etimological spelings ov the last few centuriez ar the direst foez with which jenuin etimology haz to contend; they at the very curs ov the etimolojist's labor, the thornz and thistlz which everywher choke the golden grain of truth, and aford satisfacshon only to the braying asses which think them az good az wheet."

Can F. Mayhew consev such eminent men az Professor Skeat, Dr. Murray, and a host of utherz, making such declarashonz, if fonetic spelling wud obscure the derivashon ov wordz, increes their laborz, and thro English into confuzhon?

Az a reformashon, or even a simplificashon, to say nothing ov a fonetizashon ov English spelling, iz not likely to be carried out in a drastic fashon, ther iz no feer ov English literature becoming a seeld trezhur. However "clothed" no orthografic garment can smother the producschons ov ancient or modern riterz, any more than the introducschon ov the Tonic Sol Fah notashon can efase musical compozishonz in the staf notashon.

H. DRUMMOND.

DOGGEREL AND FALSE QUANTITIES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Is it not strange that Mr. Coulton has apparently failed to observe that there are three false quantities in the four lines "quoted by Salimbene," viz., *finitā, pūlices, cūmices*?

R. Y. TYRRELL.

August 4.

"TO QUAIL" (To lose heart)

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In a note of mine on the etymology of "Saracen," which appeared lately in the ACADEMY, it was pointed out how Hensleigh Wedgwood in his "Dictionary of English Etymology," published forty years ago, was the only lexicographer who had ever entered a caveat against the popular account of the word that it meant originally "Oriental." Hensleigh Wedgwood is the only lexicographer, as far as I know, who suggests a reasonable etymology for the word "to quail" used in the sense of "to lose heart." In nearly every dictionary, for example, in Richardson, Webster, Annandale, Skeat, the word has been associated with the old English forms *cwelan*, to die, and *cwellan*, to kill. This was the view of Dr. Johnson, who in his dictionary equates *quail*, to lose spirit, with Dutch *kwelen* (quelen), to pine. It never seems to have occurred to these scholars that such an etymology is quite inadmissible, as the vowel sound of "quail" cannot be made to correspond with the original vowel of old English *cwelan* or *cwellan*.

Wedgwood didn't care a brass button about phonetic laws, but he had a very keen sense for what is probable in the connection and development of meanings. And this intuitive feeling suggested to him the etymology of our word "quail." He says: "To quail, as when we speak of one's courage failing, is probably a special application of *quail* in the sense of curdle." The use of the verb "quail" (to curdle) is abundantly illustrated in the Oxford Dictionary and in the English Dialect Dictionary. It is the same word as Fr. *cailler*, to curdle, coagulate, a sister-form of which is Ital. *cagliare*. This word is thus Englished by Florio: "to cruddle as milk, to grow hard and thick; to begin to be afraid of one's adversary or enemy, to hold one's peace." This is precisely the meaning of the English word we are discussing.

An attempt has been made lately to connect the word "quail," to lose heart, with the bird, the "quail," but the quail is not a particularly timorous bird.

A. L. MAYHEW.

A PLANTAGENET ON THE PLANTAGENETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As one who is himself directly descended from the Plantagenets, I was naturally more than usually interested to hear of the rumour that the English Government is once more "pressing its claims" to have the tombstones of the Plantagenet kings and queens, who were buried in the Abbey of Fontevrault, removed to Westminster. This, it appears, is not the first occasion on which the question of transferring the monuments to England has been mooted, for in 1867 Napoleon III. made an offer of them to Queen Victoria, but there arose among French learned bodies, artists, archæologists, and even lawyers an agitation so strong that the Emperor had to request permission to withdraw his offer—a permission which was readily granted. In view of this fact I do not think it in the least likely that these memorable monuments (there are four of them) will ever be removed from their original resting-places. The four tombstones, by the way, are those of Henry II. of England and his wife, Eléonore de Guyenne (who died at the Abbey of Fontevrault in 1204), Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and Isabelle d'Angoulême, wife of John Lackland. It was Stothard, the traveller, who in 1816 discovered these tombstones in the cellars of the ancient and famous Abbey, but the royal bones had been, shameful to relate, scattered at the Revolution. Other of the Plantagenets were buried here, but all trace of them has long ago disappeared.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

August 5.

WHITE NIGHTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—What exactly is a white night, and who coined the phrase? I met it first in Kipling's poem, "La Nuit Blanche," where the phrase connotes a revelry of waking nightmare:

"Then a creature, skinned and crimson,
Ran about the floor and cried."

Then came Stephen Heller, the composer, with his "Nuits Blanches," translated on the cover of Litolf's edition as "Restless Nights," a conversion indeed of Kipling's gory creature.

And now, in "Marius the Epicurean," Pater, describing the ancestral mansion of Marius, speaks of "that coy, retired place—surely nothing could happen there, without its full accompaniment of thought or reverie. White-nights! so you might interpret its old Latin name. [Ad Virgilias Albis.] . . . So, white-nights, I suppose, after something like the same analogy, should be nights not of quite blank forgetfulness, but passed in continuous dreaming, only half veiled by sleep."

One would like to be sure, in handling such a beautiful, arresting phrase, whether it meant delirium, or restlessness, or reverie, half veiled by sleep.

JOHN BLAND.

ROSTRA NOT ROSTRUM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is singular how frequently in the course of one's reading one comes across the mistake of writing *rostrum* for *rostra*, as a synonym for "platform." If the error were to be found only in work bearing no evidence of classical attainment it could easily be explained as the consequence of taking it for granted that a singular form must be the correct one for the name of a single object. But it is not so; the mistake is *universal*: it appears not only in the reports of ignorant "penny-a-liners" and in the sermons of under-educated Dissenting ministers, but in work characterised by scrupulous care in the externals of literary art as well as diversified by classical allusions to an extent with which so stupid a blunder seems most inconsistent.

The almost invariable selection by writers of repute such as Ruskin, Frank Smedley and Thomas Hardy of the word *rostra* (and they misspell it) when the word *suggestus* or the English words *platform*, *dais*, *stage*—or even *hustings*—for the connection in which the idea of a *raised horizontal surface* is required in literature is very frequently political—would equally well suit their purpose, shows that no uncertainty about its inflection exists in their minds.

The platform in the Roman forum was called *rostra* because adorned with the *beaks*, i.e., the beak-like prows, of ships, the prizes of naval victory. Surely the knowledge of this should serve to protect those who use the word in novels and newspaper *causeries* from spelling it as it is spelt in ornithological treatises with propriety.

LINDSAY S. GARRETT.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF DETAIL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I invite from some of your learned readers an expression of opinion as to the correct pronunciation of the word "detail" (noun).

Recently I heard Mr. Haldane in the House of Commons and

Mr. George Alexander on the stage pronounce it "détail," but on consulting the Standard Dictionary I find the balance of authority is in favour of "detail."

August 5.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It may interest Mr. G. S. Layard to learn that, for some time before he was appointed editor of *Punch*, Shirley Brooks was London correspondent of the *Inverness Courier* and a personal friend of its editor, Dr. Robert Carruthers.

August 8.

J. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Leigh, Oliver ("Geoffrey Quarles"). *Edgar Allan Poe: the Man: the Master: the Martyr*. With Portraits. The Dilettante series. 17½×6½. Pp. 80. Chicago: The Frank M. Morris Co.; \$1.25 net.

EDUCATION.

Sur la Montagne. La Fête Egarée. Le Bal de Mademoiselle Papillon. Petits Contes pour les Enfants. Each 5½×3½. Pp. 47, 56, 56. Blackie, 4d. each.

Molière's *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. Edited by G. H. Clarke, M.A. Little French Classics. 6½×4½. Blackie, 8d. [Vocabulary and notes.]

Stevens, J. A. *A Junior Latin Syntax*. 7½×4½. Pp. 56. Blackie, 8d.

Atkins, H. G. *A Skeleton French Grammar*. 7½×4½. Pp. 80. Blackie, 2s. French, C. H.; and Osborn, G. *Matriculation Graphs*. University Tutorial Series. 7×4½. Pp. 64. University Tutorial Press, n.p.

Kingsley's *The Water-Babies*. English School Texts. 6½×4½. Pp. 128. Blackie, 6d. [Contains the first part, abridged.]

Nursery Tales. Told to the Children by Amy Steedman. With pictures by Paul Woodroffe. 6×4½. Pp. 118. Jack, 1s. net.

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Whan I aduerte to my remembrance
And see how fele folkes erren greuously
In the wey of vertuose gouernance
I have supposed in myn hert that I
Oughte to supporte and conseyle prudently
Them to be vertuous in luyyng,
And how they shal them self in honour bring.

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